

The TATLER

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London
November 15, 1939



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

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night-cap?*
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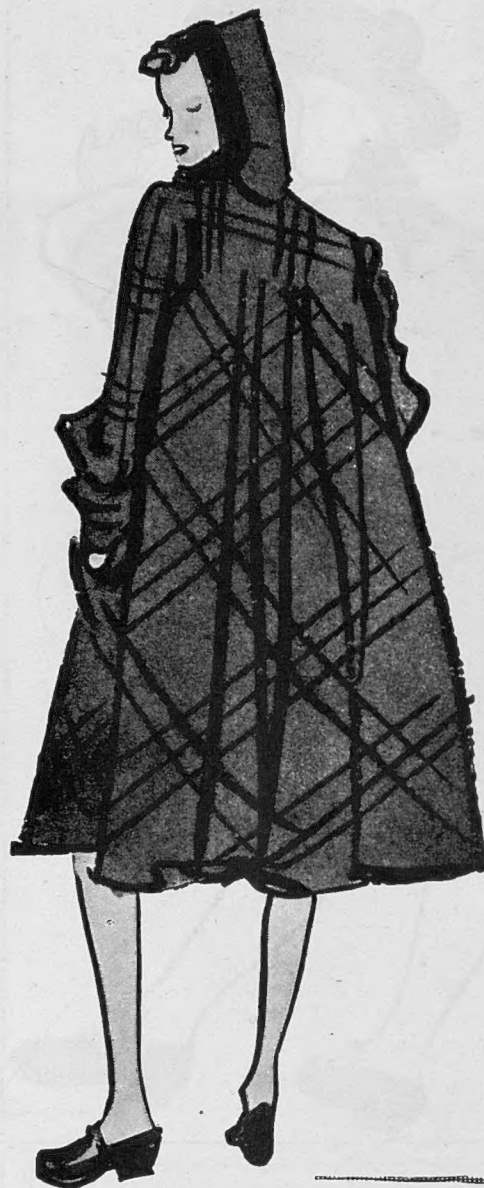


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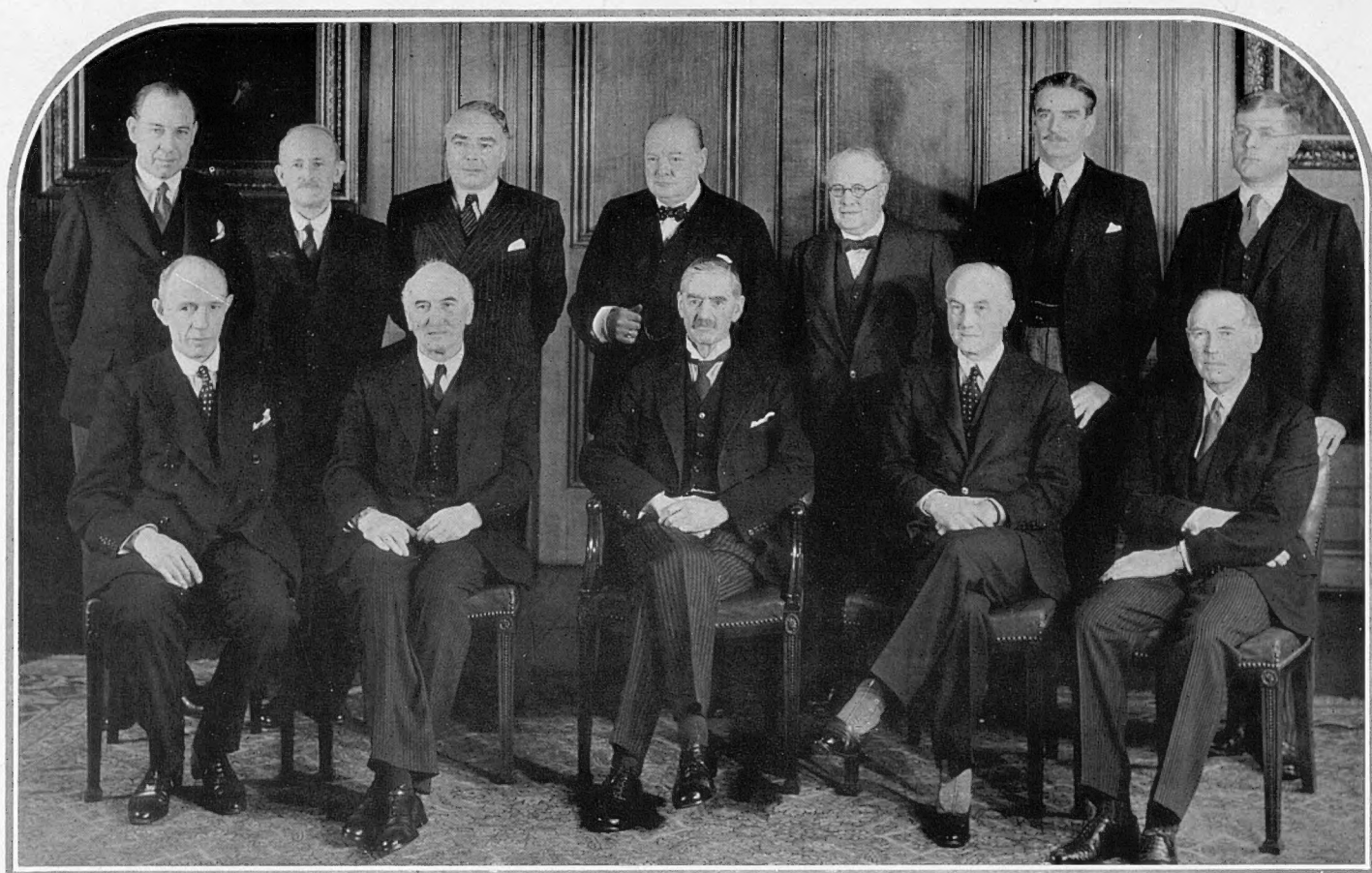
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THE KING—GOD BLESS HIM!

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This portrait of His Majesty was taken last month at Buckingham Palace, and he is in the service uniform of a Field Marshal. The navy is the service to which the King originally belonged, as did his father before him, but by nature of his high office he is the head of all three of the fighting services, and has visited and inspected all of them since the outbreak of war as he also did before it. His Majesty was present at the Battle of Jutland in 1916, and afterwards went to the Royal Air Force



THE WAR CABINET—A SPECIALLY AUTHORIZED PICTURE

The above picture which was taken by special permission is the first official one since the outbreak of war and is thence bound to acquire a special historical value. Besides the members of the Cabinet the group includes Mr. Anthony Eden (Minister for Dominion Affairs), Sir John Anderson (Minister for Home Security), both of whom have access to the War Cabinet, and Sir Edward Bridges (Secretary to the War Cabinet). The full key to the names

And the World Said—

in this interesting group reads as follows:

Standing, l. to r.: Sir John Anderson (Minister for Home Security), Lord Hankey (Minister without Portfolio), Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha (Secretary of State for War), Mr. Winston Churchill (First Lord of the Admiralty), Sir Kingsley Wood (Secretary of State for Air), Mr. Anthony Eden (Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs) and Sir Edward Bridges (Secretary to the War Cabinet). Seated, l. to r.: Lord Halifax (Foreign Secretary), Sir John Simon (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mr. Neville Chamberlain (Prime Minister), Sir Samuel Hoare (Lord Privy Seal) and Lord Chatfield (Minister for Co-Ordination of Defence)

LAST week when my hostess in the country exclaimed with a note of exasperation: "Even rationing seems to have fallen through!" she was venting the general feeling of anti-climax which has us all in a mire of petty annoyance and inertia. We were ready for anything; but not for nothing. Only morons or characters with exceptional resources can face a future in which there is nothing to look forward to—not even the positive certainty of air raids. The long vista of doing one's duty in the state of war to which one has been called is not exhilarating. For the most part we belong to a generation brought up without a practising belief in the comfort of religion and without the Victorian sense of duty to one's neighbour in the form of regular welfare work. Children of the sybarite Edwardians have undeveloped consciences. But our hearts are in the right places or we should not require the cynical armour of Messrs. Maughan, Waugh and Coward. An uncertain upbringing (divorced parents for one thing) made us precocious, quick-witted, self-reliant and tough. Fit to absorb violent shocks and changes, we were deprived of that healthy complacency which

LIEUTENANT MORICE GRANT MACLEOD, R.N.,
AND HIS BRIDE

The Hon. Mrs. Macleod is a charming Swede, and before her marriage at St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh last week was the Hon. Gorel Gyllenkrok, and is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Sperling Gyllenkrok, formerly Equerry to H.M. the King of Sweden. Lieutenant Macleod would have gone to Australia as an A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent if the war had not intervened

views tedium with equanimity. There is much to be said for the turnip whose taste was for fretwork. He was never bored. Those who are not bored today either have too much to do, or appreciate the delights of reading. Artists—in the widest sense of the word—who should be losing themselves in the joy of creating for the ultimate joy of the community, are too worried to work. The unemployment and misery this war has brought to the arts, the crafts and the *intelligentsia*, other than the Civil Service, is already a tragedy, bound to get worse. Subscribers to the trade unions will be nursed through the war, their wages rising with the cost of living, but what of artists, designers, architects, decorators, musicians, writers (other than proved sellers) fashion specialists and the innumerable luxury craftsmen whose savings cannot last? *Après la guerre* the older ones will be out of touch therefore out of fashion, the younger devitalized by adversity. Sir Philip Sassoon would have taken care of numerous artists. Few collectors have put their money on living artists; the dead being a safer bet. Mr. Israel Sieff, who does so much for Jews, will do all he can, no doubt, for art,

and so in their several ways, will Mr. Everard Gates who used to buy pictures at Tooth's Galleries; Sir "Eddie" Marsh, that Catholic enthusiast; and Lady Cunard the reputed god-mother to the balloon guard in Grosvenor Square. The richest portrait painter, Gerald Brockhurst, is coining in New York, but think of the scenic painters idle because of the reluctance to put on new plays, and of the various "little" men "round the corner" whose incomes were earned by diverse work for houses and flats, and think how Sir John Simon will miss those incomes!

Having churned too many lowering thoughts, call up your best enemy for a saccharine gossip. Yet even gossip is reduced to how dreary so' and so looks as Sister Susie and why must she set her cap at the Ritz. Mrs. Fellowes Gordon, an A.R.P. commandant who is both liked and respected—which sounds chilly but is warmly meant—has President Roosevelt as a cousin. Hers is one of the smaller stations, admirably run. She thinks Sir John Anderson's eleven-bob overalls are essential. Personally I would rather some trousered frights and pantomime hooligans than another section of the community in uniform. The exception to every rule in this regard is Lady Caroline Paget who looks so lovely in a helmet that Minerva must be suffering the pangs of Juno. It is impossible to fault those peerless Pagets for looks, and among male volunteers Sir Victor Warrender's actor-brother Harold, who has all the charms, wears a full-time fireman's uniform with that *je ne sais quoi* peculiar to MM. les Pompiers, which reminds us to wish his erstwhile fiancée, Ann Todd, success as Mrs. Nigel Tangye. More and more marriages; Miss Horsburgh's popular niece, Margaret Mackenzie of Dolphinton, is engaged, and eighteen-year-old "Mollie" Harbord, the baby of an

night with Mr. Richard Thesiger, a kinsman of Lord Chelmsford. Two seasons ago a débutante told me she was "sure" all the girls under Lady Kemsley's wing would marry "eldest sons." The elder Du Plessis niece married Lord Iliffe's heir a year ago, and now the younger is



LADY HARDWICKE AND HER SON, LORD ROYSTON

The only son and heir of the House of Yorke arrived on the scene on April 20, last year, and he has one sister, Lady Amabel Yorke who was born in 1935. Lady Hardwicke is a daughter of the very famous diplomat the Rt. Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, son of the late Lord Lindley who was a life peer. Lord Hardwicke was in the Special Reserve Household Cavalry at the outbreak of war

engaged to Lord Dillon's only son; it remains for Pamela Berry and Ghislaine Dresselhuys to complete the old world prophecy. Love and war aside, recurrent questions concern whereabouts and war work. Mrs. Harold Huth is in Bucks teaching daughter Angela to walk and knitting for her next: Mrs.

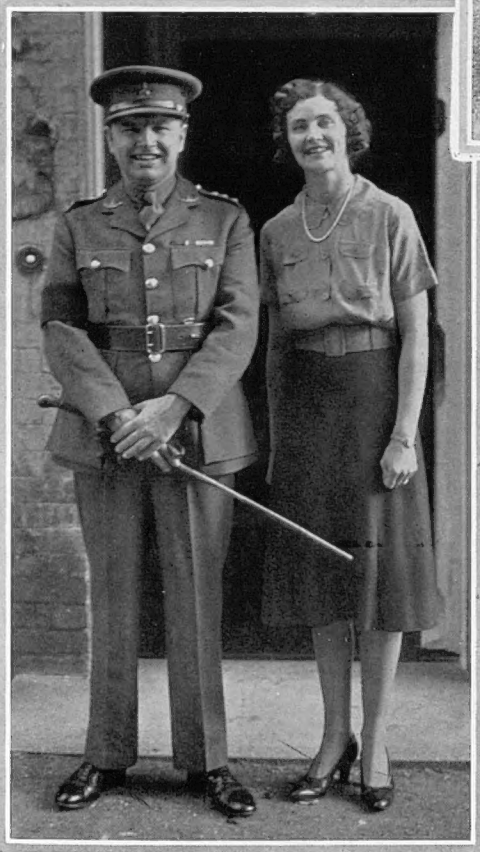
C. H. Liddell, whose "Weary" is back with his regiment, works at a Warwickshire canteen for six hundred gunners: Mrs. "Jock" Stewart of Ardvorlich and her neighbour at the other end of lovely Lochearn, Lady MacGregor of MacGregor (whose quaintly-named sons Gregor and Angyl are at Eton and a private school respectively) work with the local W.V.S. and of course the W.R.I. Inverness-shire is delighted that Violet Stewart's father, Lochiel, has been appointed Honorary Colonel of the 5th Battalion the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders as he raised the original 5th Battalion (Kitchener's Army) and commanded it at the Battle of Loos. Turning southward, Peeblesshire has put Lady Hay of Haystoun in charge of entertainments for good causes—an appropriate appointment. Her friends, the Lauderdales, have got Miss Huldah White staying at Thirllestane Castle; this well-liked Irishwoman is an aunt of Cecil and "Baba" Pim whose peace time pre-occupation is that somewhat *démodé* game, golf. Skipping the Cheviots where sheep are worth more than they were, thank Hitler, we circumvent the censorship division in the Midlands (waving to that amusing creature Grizel Davies, daughter of General Sir Francis Davies of Elmley Castle, known in the last war as "Joey") and circle in Devonshire where Lady ("Daisy")



AT A WEDDING IN CO. WATERFORD

The two people principally concerned in this wedding at Cappoquin were Miss Sybil Elfrida Keane, elder daughter of the late Mr. R. H. Keane and Mrs. Keane, of Cadogan Court, Draycott Avenue, London, and Mr. Hugh Delmedge, youngest son of the late Mr. George O'Grady Delmedge, of Castle Park, Limerick. In this group are Mrs. Astaire, the bridegroom, who is incidentally a well-known G.R., Lady Charles Cavendish and Mr. R. Keane the bride's brother

attractive and sporting Yorkshire family. Yorkshire also takes interest in Lady "Vinie" Rogerson who returned to Aske after a very brief honeymoon. The ex-debs. opine that Miss Mary Rose Charteris will make up her mind between suitors. She went to Delysia's first



SIR THOMAS AND LADY COOK

The senior Master of the North Norfolk Harriers is now serving as a captain on the staff of a division somewhere in England. Sir Thomas Cook, Member for North Norfolk since 1931, has been Master of their harriers since 1922 and joint-Master with Lady Cook since 1926

And the World said—*continued*

Fortescue is the tactful boss of the Women's Land Army. Colonel Arthur Acland's daughter is said to look a treat in her A.T.S. colonel's uniform, and one of the most popular sewing bees has Lady Heathcoat-Amory (Joyce Wethered) as queen. Her mother-in-law is making Red Cross preparations, as are Lady Clinton at Bicton, Mrs. Rennel Coleridge (whose husband is descended from the poet) and Mrs. Cecil Bradshaw at Bystock. With her pretty grey hair and neat features, this sister of Sir George Duckworth-King is one of Devonshire's most decorative elders. She was a V.A.D. last time. Lord and Lady Sidmouth have been hard at it—and doubtless hard put to it—settling refugees in billets on their place, Ottery Manor, at Honiton. In East Devon Sir John Kennaway, and at Tiverton, Colonel Gilbert Acland-Troyte, the Member, are useful to the war agricultural committee. Lord ("Christopher") Devon is back with the C. Gds; his wife, better remembered as Venetia Cottenham, remaining at Powderham Castle, while his mother has moved into one of Lord Coleridge's houses at Ottery St. Mary. Lady Mary Courtenay is a V.A.D. and Lady Angela a driver. So is that pretty girl Pamela Gibbs whose brother, Anthony, has married June Chichester "the belle of Tiverton."

Another Devonian bridegroom, Alan Philpotts, son of the ever-young sportsman, Raleigh Philpotts, went as far east as Basingstoke for his bride, Diana Barker, her family being West Country, too. Incidentally the Philpotts's coming-of-age dance for their V.A.D. daughter "Debby" took place on the eve of the declaration, but Sir Gerald and Lady Ley's dance, planned at Medenham Manor for Diana Holden's coming out, was superannuated. There are surprisingly few evacuees in Devonshire considering its safety, consequently big houses are full of friends and relations—Lindridge for one. Instead of making her guests work in its famous garden, Lady Benthall (remembered by Calcutta as Ruth Cable) has had it ploughed, an example to those Ruth Draperish ones who, if they follow it, will be pointing out potatoes next year instead of calceolarias. And, by the way, country houses are making jam, in case it runs out as it did last war. As sugar is not now rationed we should use up the extra pounds we laid in and make apple jelly which, if judiciously seasoned with lemon, tastes like crab apple, that delectable nursery flavour.

In Sussex, Lady Benthall's sister, Mrs. Michael Buller, has, as I told you, a club for evacuated mothers. I have heard of only two others, one in Windsor which gets a great deal of publicity, and another whose good angel is South African-born Mrs. Ralph Delmé-Radcliffe, a *chic* and sporting woman who is evidently not afraid of being bored in a good cause. "I don't pretend it's a thrilling programme," says Dawn Buller . . . "having all these mothers in the house twice a week from two till six, but they DO enjoy it, and they say they wouldn't stay in the country if it were not for the club." There are games in the garden for the children, with a crèche in a separate room, looked after by local helpers so that the mothers can relax, gossiping and knitting, with tea, table tennis and darts. It gives them something to look forward to and to talk about; an outing to replace the pubs and cinemas, and they appear to enjoy meeting house guests, and, of course, the household. There is very little constraint; certainly none between the mothers and the Dowager Lady Gough, a regular member of the club, who, when I remarked

how much they seem to enjoy her conversation, replied: "I always say exactly what I would to any neighbour at a party. Talking down is no good at all," which maxim from a Victorian welfare worker should be digested by my self-conscious generation. This wonderful old lady is staying with her energetic daughter Mrs. Edward ("Karen") Sturdy at Molecomb. Their neighbours include Lady (Guy) Campbell and a new arrival—Harriet Cohen. Lord Gough, one-armed Irish Guardsman, fisherman and horseman, is training recruits. Lady Bessborough who made a sensible and sensitive speech to the Buller Club (members admired her blue-white hair and green tweeds) brought Mr. Ralph Alderson of the Stanstead Players to entertain. A male Ruth Draper, in private war life he is a food controller at Salisbury. I suspect both he and his French-born hostess are dubious about evacuation, and would have relished telling stories against it! Lady Katherine Seymour is another supporter of this club. She has the most beautiful sad face, and a gentleness not of this world, yet my *confrères* who crossed Canada with the Royal party dismissed her as merely "dignified."

Wartime appointments include that of Ernest as head waiter at the Berkeley where the five-thirty cocktail-*dansant* is a cosy innovation. Monumental Ernest, who has been

at the Berkeley for more years than we care to count, is a student of racing but has retired from the Turf for the duration. I had hoped for a tip for Newbury; instead there were new *pâté* rolls to be eaten and new curtains to admire. The drummer is Camillo Aldao's double, and the patrons include Lord Morris, whose pal and namesake, Michael Weaver, has got into brother John's regiment, and that stunning Australian girl "Micky" Vyner. The Australian standard is formidable. A new one, to me, Mrs. George Thomas, who was one of the Tosh twins, thistledown dancers from Melbourne, is now a member of the aforementioned Buller Club. Also decorating the Berkeley was Mrs. "Ronnie" Tritton, whose baby son looks like Winston Churchill and has the proprietor of *Life* as godfather. The Trittons are American-minded, having spent two years in New York, and now his former assistant has sailed for Washington

to help her cousin, John Foster, who is helping the British Embassy: some say running it, which is bound to be said of the young Recorder of Oxford who ran the *Broadsheet* and is tipped for a future Prime Minister. Washington will miss the Victor Mallets who have been there for years. He is our new Minister to Sweden, and she the charming ash-blond eldest daughter of yachtsman Herman Andrae and of musical Mrs. Andrae. Incidentally, the Dowager Lady Gough spent her young married years at Stockholm which accounts for Mrs. Sturdy's nickname and for Hugh Gough having become Hugo at an early age. The Mallets were to have gone to Cuba; Stockholm is quite a plum for a comparatively young man. Sir George Ogilvie-Forbes, the hero of the Spanish War, has got Havana after barely two months as Counsellor in Oslo where the American Minister, Mrs. Florence J. Harriman, and her right hand, Ray Cox, have been the centre of interest owing to the *City of Flint*. With typical energy Mrs. Harriman journeyed to Bergen to hear for herself.

An exhibition and sale of Austrian *Kunstgewerbe* (Arts and Crafts) will be open at the Austrian Centre, 132 Westbourne Terrace, from November 15 until December 20, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. excluding Mondays. The proceeds will go towards the funds of a hostel.



LADY DOWNE, DOLLY AND (LEFT) BRUIN

The two attractive brown bears which used to be a source of great interest to Lord Downe's guests at Wykeham Abbey were presented some time ago to the Zoo. Now, with war conditions making life and feeding problems especially difficult for animals, Lord Downe has "adopted" his former pets and made himself responsible for their victualling for the duration

MAYFAIR AT WAR WORK IN SUSSEX



MISS VIRGINIA GILLIAT AT LAVINGTON MATERNITY HOME



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THE HON. MRS. EVELYN FITZGERALD



MRS. GERALD KOCH DE GOOREYND

Mrs. Paravicini the only child of the renowned Somerset Maugham. Mrs. Anthony Acton, wife of the Squire of Wolverton, Pershore, was formerly Miss Joan Pearson, and is a daughter of the late Hon. Francis Pearson, killed in action in 1914, a son of the first Lord Cowdray. The Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald is a Canadian, and is the former Miss Helen Drury. She married the younger son of the late Lord Fitzgerald in 1923. She is a sister of the late Lady Beaverbrook; and lastly another very charming Canadian, Mrs. Gerald Koch de Gooreynd, who by reason of her golden hair and beautiful complexion, has been christened "Carole Lombard" by the admiring patients

The view of the late Lord Woolavington's beautiful home in Sussex is taken from the south side, which used to be the entrance in the late owner's days. Captain and Mrs. Euan Wallace bought Lavington a few years ago from the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan, Lord Woolavington's only child. The very charming wife of the Minister of Transport was formerly Miss Barbara Lutyens, and is a daughter of the world-famous architect. Mrs. Euan Wallace is very ably assisted in running this maternity home by all the young people seen on this page—and the work is not exactly light. As to a little roll call, Miss Gilliat, whom the nursing kit suits admirably, is Mrs. Jack Gilliat's daughter, and

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

An Evening at the Warner

READER, do you know what it is to sit in a cinema with your feet icy cold, your head boiling hot, and millions of mosquitoes biting you in the back? This is the way in which acute personal embarrassment affects me, and they were my sensations the other evening when, entering the Warner Theatre, I found myself watching what must have been the most inane film ever put together. A dog with a jewelled collar was being manicured, from which you are to understand that it was the front paws which were receiving attention. The dog had an owner, a cutie of sorts, who seemed in some way to be connected with a couple of hairdressers, ex-vaudeville artistes, who interrupted their hair-cutting and shaving to give reminiscences of their music-hall achievements. It was quite a long film through which the audience sat in, so far as I could judge, stolid boredom. It baffled me to know whom this stuff could be supposed to entertain. It stood for Hollywood at its most threadbare and poverty-stricken. Neither Twickenham, Denham, Elstree, nor anywhere else has ever produced anything comparable for idiocy. Who the performers were I have no notion—probably people world famous.

When this drivel had subsided there was a delightful interlude, and all the more delightful because it was unexpected. I am not fond of the cinema organist's habit of uttering musical platitudes in stained-glass attitudes and a pink dinner-jacket! I perfectly appreciate the rage which prompted Mr. Nicolas Bentley to write the other day *à propos* the cinema organ:

The quick resentment that one feels
To hear its curious retching squeals
Added with imbecile effect
To Bach or Brahms: or to correct
The absence of electric gongs
From one of Schubert's early songs.

Yet I enjoyed the performance of the white-coated young gentleman at the white organ at the Warner Theatre, despite the bilious, peach-coloured lighting. I enjoyed it because of the stuff that was played. This was a selection of French war songs concluding with the best of the last war, and the turn was good enough to restore an audience almost fainting with ennui.

Daughters Courageous, which followed, is one of those films which make us realize the enormous differences between this country and America. Oddly enough, to judge by recent American films and plays this divergence seems to be increasing. There is not a line in Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women* which might not have applied perfectly to English life. Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy might be four English girls, whereas the four daughters courageous, one of whom calls herself Buff, could never be mistaken for anything but American girls, and smart ones at that. I think the reason may have something to do with America's complete breaking down of the social barrier. The four girls in this film are the daughters of a fashionable dressmaker, and the film shows them taking their summer holiday by the sea. Three of the girls have three suitors between them, one of whom is a budding playwright, another is a comic and Jewish traveller for garbage-cans, while a third is a life-saver on the beach. In England these three young men would never be found courting in the same house. But that is not all. There remains Buff who falls in love with an accordion-playing and utterly worthless Italian fisher-boy grown to man's estate, who makes his living by selling fake curios to trippers. The young man takes Buff to a café, bullies her into buying him his lunch, and then says that he may or may not look in at her home in the evening. Buff at once says that this will be O.K. by her and the family. Imagine any English family holidaying at Frinton receiving into its bosom a young man, low-bred, uncouth, dirty, smelling of fish, an obvious potential criminal, and with nothing whatever in his favour excepting a certain broken-nosed, Damon-Runyonesque charm! I can only say that if Buff's three sisters look favourably on such a brother-in-law they must be courageous indeed. The part of the husky wop is performed by Mr. John Garfield.

But I have described only part of this film. The major



VALERIE HOBSON AND MAX MICHAL

A scene from the Paramount picture *This Man in Paris*, one of London's pre-war successes and a follow-up to the surprise hit *This Man is News*. Valerie Hobson played the wife of the young star reporter, Barry K. Barnes and Max Michal was the villainous dress designer. She is now to be seen in that very stirring and topical thriller of the last war, *The Spy in Black*, with Conrad Veidt doing great business in the provinces

plot is concerned with the father of the four girls who deserted them and their mother twenty years previously. The decent thing, of course, for such a man to do after his being divorced is to disappear entirely and never be seen again. But this scoundrel has in his composition a considerable amount of sentimentality which makes him turn up again with half a notion of resuming family life. Probably the sentimentality belongs to the makers of the film, for I just do not believe that any dog can be so world-weary that he wants to clog himself with a middle-aged spouse and four grown-up daughters. In the end the husband decides that he had better not, and that Buff had better not marry her wop, and the picture ends on a railway station platform with the husband and the wop setting out together on the Golden Road to Samarkand. Oddly enough I found a great deal of charm in this picture because of its unforced portrayal of American domesticity. The film even dares to give a portrait of the wife's second husband, an entirely stupid and unattractive man, in whom there is no redeeming feature whatever except his kindness of heart. Indeed I am not at all sure that the film should not have been called *Mother Courageous*, for what the daughters were courageous about I have no notion. As the wop, Mr. Garfield, in large type on the bills, gives a good performance; as the first husband Mr. Claude Rains, in small type on the bills, gives a magnificent one. The girls' parts played by the Lane sisters and Miss Gale Page are charming, and whenever things began to lag there is always Miss May Robson. The film, by the way, is about an hour too long.

On November 20 Heinemann's will publish at 7s. 6d. a volume entitled "Rose Window." It will consist of twenty-five new and hitherto unpublished contributions—essays, plays, short stories and poems—by distinguished authors, and the proceeds of the sales will go to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. There is a foreword by Lord Horder, who has been associated with Bart's for so long, an introductory ode by Humbert Wolfe, and twenty-four line drawing illustrations by Anna Zinkeisen.

Among the contributors are the following: Noel Coward, Emlyn Williams, Edmund Blunden, Walter de la Mare, Lord Dunsany, C. Day Lewis, J. B. Priestley and Sir Hugh Walpole. A number of the authors have, in addition to giving the book rights, made over all other rights, magazine, dramatic, film, television, etc., to the hospital.

THE THEATRICAL REVIVAL



AT THE CRITERION: SECOND LIEUTENANT RICHARD THESIGER, AND MISS MARY ROSE CHARTERIS



IN THE WINGS ENTERTAINING THE TROOPS "SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND": MISS ROBIN COLES, MR. MARIO DE PIETRO AND MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH



LORD AND LADY GIFFORD AT "FRENCH FOR LOVE" AT THE CRITERION



CAPTAIN AND MRS. STEPHEN MITCHELL AND MISS ELIZABETH ALLEN



CAPTAIN R. C. CONWAY-GORDON, MRS. GUY CARLETON-PAGET AND MR. STEVE DELMAR-MORGAN



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ROBIN VAN DEN BERGH AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH

Light fare, longer hours, more limelight and less blackout, sets the tune of the London theatrical renaissance. The effects of the "first information" in this war have worn off. London has not been reduced to the dust-heap Hitler said that it would be. Theatres and cinemas can stay open till one hour before midnight—and the troops naturally like it! Most of these pictures were taken when people went to see Alice Delysia and Cecil Parker in *French For Love*, that amusing bit of nonsense at the Criterion. Here are some of those the camera caught: Miss Mary Rose Charteris is a daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris and a sister of Lady Long and Lady O'Neill, Lord Gifford retired from the navy as a Lieutenant-Commander and has now gone back to the service as have so many more. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, sister of Irene, and of Major-General Sir Reggie Barnes (4th H and later 10th H) was at *French For Love*, and the Van den Berghs who are with her live at Villars, but have come home for the duration, whatever that may be. Mrs. Guy Carleton-Paget, one of the pretty daughters of Major and Mrs. John Paget of Ibstock House, and the clever people with Miss Elsie Randolph. were at a show for the troops somewhere

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

THE last meeting at Newmarket had a better programme than the first, but what a "take down" in the Middle Park! Last time that I ventured to say that French horses were as a whole better than ours, the *Sporting Chronicle*, under the heading "Mankato canes captious Turf Critic" poured scorn on my arguments of a specific gravity to make Hitler's sarcasm appear positively volatile in comparison. Sensitive to a degree and distinctly allergic to any form of flagellation, let me compromise by saying that though our horses may be better, French horses seem to run faster, further and more often.

The winner of the Middle Park, Diebel, is a wiry, whipcordy little horse of no classic appearance and I understand not looked on in any way as a smasher in France. He slammed all of ours all the way, the second being considered one of our five best two-year-olds and also French bred. I wish the Leger could have been held. There is no greater certainty than that two of the first three, including possibly the winner, would have been French.

The Cesarewitch is admittedly only a handicap, but it is doubtful if another stone would have stopped Cantatrice. How did Atout Maitre win at Ascot and Newbury?

Will the war cause the bad and moderate mares to be knocked on the head, or will owners put every female they possess to the stud? I'm rather afraid they will, and our case will be worse than before.

One of my most pleasurable moments at Newmarket was in the bar with a well-known breeder-for-sale. What he didn't think *now* of entering unborn foals for races and other fatnostics was nobody's business. Unable to sell his yearlings at Doncaster he was left to hold the baby over the entries and even went so far as to pay a further £47 forfeit on one animal which at once broke its leg! This would have been a joke in far better taste he felt, had the war started *after* the sales, when all liabilities had been handed on to the long suffering owners.

I see that H.H. The Aga Khan is prepared to sell his stud lock, stock and barrel, and it has been suggested that an American syndicate should be formed to buy it *en bloc*. It would be a pity for this wonderful stud to leave the country, but it all shows how the wind blows financially even for the very rich these days, though His Highness is not a large taxpayer in this country.

Strings at Newmarket are pathetically attenuated and there are not even many yearlings to be seen dragging men about the Seversals, or being ridden about by lads singing out like hog callers. Jumping strings are however, going strong with the promise of plenty of meetings, and in this connexion it seems hard that the few steeplechase jockeys who have joined up should be unable to get a day off to ride. It rather puts a penalty on patriotism.

As for the war, the *City of Flint* incident takes a good deal of beating. For their most powerful battleship to have seized this one ship and then have it taken "orf of them" and their prize crew interned by Norway is a superb piece of bathos. Can it be true that our soldiery are so imbued with anti-totalitarian ideas that a raw recruit seized the only benevolent dictator, Mr. Marriott, and clapped him in irons for appearing on what has hitherto been regarded as exclusively his heath. Diplomatic representations released him just before he was being set to roll the Cesarewitch course single-handed.



ON THE BICESTER'S OPENING DAY

Mrs. Fox-Pitt and Master Oliver on the day these hounds opened their season at Edgcote Park, in the north part of their country. According to the hound list, Mr. R. E. Field Marsham, who used to be in the Bays, is carrying on with Colonel R. V. Buxton, General "Giles" Courage having retired

In London, restaurants are crowded with a heterogeneous clientèle of gentlemen in khaki, disguised as *matelots* in bell-bottomed trousers, ditto in overalls and spurs and some who are prepared to swear an oath that their only uniform is wet, in tuxedos. It is rather a mystery why those who don't have to wear uniform don't change in the evening, and this applies even more to the women. *En passant* you ought to go and hear Douglas Byng who has taken a new lease of life with the war and is definitely very droll.

I have always been brought up to believe that people were at their best and most interesting when talking on their own subject. It is for this reason that I deplore the war as the one, only and universal topic of conversation. People who could be quite bright and intelligent on Topic A and could keep the conversational ball rolling by the blackguarding of mutual friends, now hold forth at length on abstruse questions of tactics and strategy. Obscure officers connected in the remotest degree with the War Office are wise-acres, and the most time-serving of diminutive politicians are listened to with bated breath. I heard one of these in a pin-dropping silence explain to a breathless table of intelligent people that it was better to bomb from 20,000 feet than 2,000, because the bomb was falling faster! Perhaps, however, his knowledge of Topic A was even more limited.

* * *



AT THE RECENT NAAS MEETING

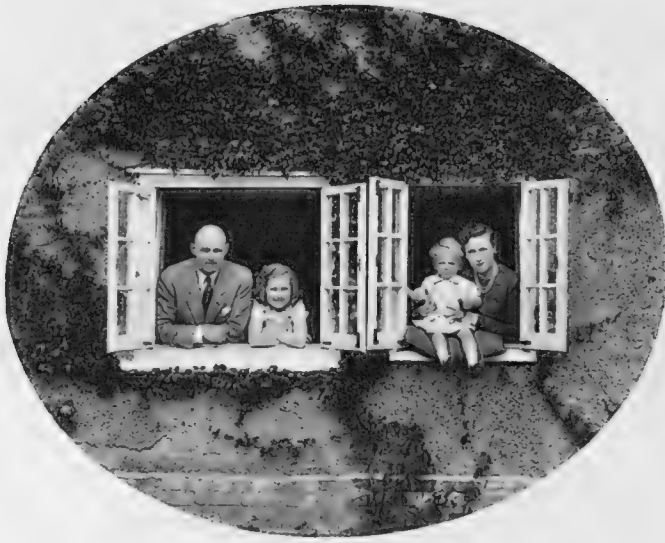
Mr. W. J. Kelly, the Irish owner-trainer, with his daughter, Miss Moira Kelly, and G. Wells, the jockey. Since training his own horses, Mr. W. J. Kelly has won a good many races in Ireland. His training establishment is at Palmerstown, Naas, which he is renting from Lord Mayo

THE TATLER Xmas Number, 1939, on sale November 24, it is suggested, is equally interesting for any home fires that may be burning as for the warrior watching Hitler in the Siegfried Line or any other place. It is packed from cover to cover with good stories and equally good pictures. The "romance" by Ben Travers called "The Squib," is alone worth the modest 2s. which the consumer is asked to pay—a story of a poor little lover who had the nerve to lie to the tigerish lady to whom he was espoused! There is a first-class gangster yarn, "Your London Policemen Aren't So Hot." Patrick Bellew excels himself with Christmas as it was and is, and H. M. Bateman's hand has lost none of its cunning, and the same can be said of Lionel Edwards's picture of Lord Orford and his stag four-in-hand which is a masterpiece.

*Antony Beauchamp*

MISS ANNE PAGET—THE FUTURE LADY NORTH

The engagement of the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. K. E. Paget, of Itchen Abbas, Hants, was announced on October 19, and it was then stated that the marriage would take place as soon as Lord North could get leave. He being a serving sailor and the ships being particularly busy, this leaves things a bit "at sea." At the time of going to press the original of the above very attractive portrait is still Miss Anne Paget. Lord North, who is a Sub-Lieutenant, R.N., is a son of the late Hon. Dudley North, and succeeded to the title on the death of his famous grandsire at the end of last year. Miss Anne Paget is now doing V.A.D. work at Netley



NOVELIST EN FAMILLE

Barbara Cartland, the popular writer whose twentieth novel, "The Black Panther," was recently published, is in private life Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale. She is seen in the above picture at her lovely 300-year-old Bedfordshire cottage with her husband, who served in the Cameron Highlanders in the last war and won the M.C. in 1918, and her two children, Raine, aged ten, and Ian, aged two

An Interesting Novel.

YOUNG David Norris, the hero of Richard Aldington's new novel, "Rejected Guest" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), was a 1914 "war baby." Not only was he a "war-baby," but he was a bastard. His father was the son of wealthy and snobbish Sir Thomas Norris; his mother was the pretty daughter of a rent-collector who had descended thereto by way of the medical profession and expulsion. His father was killed before he could marry the girl, and the girl found a baby not only an encumbrance but also tiresome. She deserted him, and left his upbringing to her parents, who loved him devotedly. They lived together in Gordon Terrace. "The front of the houses were all red brick and yellow sandstone window-frames, and the back were yellow brick; and the concrete yards all ended in a bit of waste land with old tins and builder's dumpings half-covered in dock and thistle and rank grass. Holding somebody's hand, David walked through these streets, in a drift of sooty dust or under a fine grey rain, and looked wide-eyed upon civilisation." As he grew up, however, David's mental bent was towards science. He was clever, studious, ambitious to become a great man, but just not quite good enough!

That was his tragedy all through life. He was just not quite good enough! When his grandfather on his mother's side died and left him a few hundred pounds, he used it to go up to London to study science, to devote his whole life to it. He worked too hard, and his health failed. It was then that he was obliged to make himself known to his paternal grandfather, Sir Thomas Norris, who previously had not known of his existence. David's doctor had told him that he must take at least a year's rest; Sir Thomas provided that rest. Or, rather, a rich bachelor friend of his put the plan into action. From being penniless and half-starved, David suddenly blossomed into rich independence. He went with his grandfather's loquacious friend to live on the Riviera, had a liaison with one of the loveliest English girls there, the daughter of a peer, and might have married her, had not the 1938 crisis scuttled all the amusement-loving habitués of the South towards safety. Which



Poole, Dublin

ALVIA AND ANN DALY AND SOME KILDARE HOUNDS

These two pretty little daughters of Captain and Mrs. Denis Daly were photographed making friends with the hounds at the Kildare opening meet at Johnstown Inn. Their father, who has rejoined a very famous cavalry regiment for the duration, is a well-known racing owner in Ireland and very well known with these hounds

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

was as well, because, in the end, poor David found himself where he had started—poor, penniless, ambitious, and just not quite brilliant enough.

This is, however, only a brief outline of a novel which is witty, shrewd, and full of amazingly vivid pen-pictures of men, women and current aspects of life. Personally, I thought it was even better during the years when David lived in Ruxton, or as a poor student in London. On the Riviera, the story might have stepped suddenly into a Michael Arlen country. This, for me, was a disappointment, because that world has been over-written in its time. But the first part is full compensation for any subsequent failure of expectation.

Pleasant Mixture.

Netta Syrett's new novel, "As Dreams Are Made On" (Bles; 7s. 6d.), is a strange mixture of the very modern and cosily old-fashioned. It is modern because the theme deals, as did Mr. Priestley's two plays—"Time and the Conways" and "We Have Been Here Before"—with the mystery of Time. It is cosily old-fashioned because the theme is elaborated by what struck me as a preposterous story of two babies exchanged at birth. Charles Bruce, otherwise Standish, was always having queer emotional experiences. At one moment he would be sitting at his desk or out walking, and at another moment he was mysteriously wandering in an old cathedral close, and seeing an unknown girl with red hair and lovely eyes looking at him through an open window. When he returned to normal he realised that he had never visited that particular cathedral close nor known that enchanting girl.

At the same time, Clare Pole-Lytton, one of the Pole-Lyttons, who had lived for centuries in the lovely old house known as Abbott's Lacey, was also having her own queer experiences in which a strange young man figured. As if her mind and vision had suddenly shot forward and she felt instinctively what was going to happen to her before it occurred. How natural, therefore, when these two met, they should know each other at once. And not only know each other, but love each other. More strange was it however, when Clare discovered that Charles's real surname was not Bruce, but Standish, and it had been to Mr. Standish, his father, the great financier and subsequently the great fraudulent bankrupt, that the Pole-Lyttons had been forced to sell their ancestral home, the beautiful Abbott's Lacey. Because, you see, Charles had taken his mother's maiden

name in order to avoid those difficulties of earning a living which he would have had had it become generally known that he was the son of the criminal Standish. More especially as Standish had ruined nearly all his closest friends, including the Pole-Lyttons. Indeed, already he had lost his closest man friend, Richard Lomax, who was a snob anyway.

Richard, however, did not appear to have been glorified by the transmutations of Time. Otherwise surely he would have been reassured by the premonition that, when he went North to become an underling in the business of one of the richest men in England, he would have sensed that the head of the firm, after a short acquaintance, would have adopted him in thought, and in action left him all his money when he died, as conveniently soon he did. Nor would he have become engaged to Clare during her first season in London. But, of course, he knew nothing of Charles's sudden leaps into the future and Clare's race with him to get there too,

(Continued on page 216)



Fred. Daniels

*O'er the smooth enamelled green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string;
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof
Follow me.*

MILTON: *Arcades*

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

and at the same time. Nor could he have foreseen the true natal history of both Charles and Clare; nor the quite natural surprise of Mrs. Pole-Lytton as she found herself nursing a girl, when she was under the impression that she had given birth to a boy; nor Mrs. Standish's equal astonishment when "Might-is-Right," otherwise her wicked and tyrannical husband, forced a baby heir into her arms when she had congratulated herself upon being the mother of a girl. Frankly it was all very queer, as queer as Charles' and Clare's mysterious excursions into the future; but it makes a very readable story—providing you can comfortably swallow things without asking a lot of boring questions.

Ghostly Narrative.

The publishers describe Mr. Elliott O'Donnell's new book, "Haunted Churches" (Quality Press; 8s. 6d.), as "Just the book for an evening at home." Well, perhaps it may be. Nobody is likely to be terrified by a ghost which stays in a church or churchyard; it is when it appears at one's elbow that the rise in temperature begins. Personally, I don't believe in ghosts, but I am always ready to believe I believe. It makes life so much more exciting without doing anybody any harm. I was particularly interested in these haunted churches, because, if ever I did once see a ghost, I saw one in Battle Church in Sussex. It was very early twilight, and the church was still quite light. I had wandered round it casually, because I had already examined it at my leisure some time previously, but I wished to enter the small side-chapel which has a charm all its own. As I stepped across the threshold I found that a stranger was already there—a stranger with his back turned to me, apparently admiring the altar. He was shortish, wore a black coat, and had a head inclined to baldness. His presence annoyed me, because I didn't feel in the mood to talk to strangers, and the chapel is so small that it would have been almost impossible to have been so close to somebody without making some appropriate remark. I turned round and walked down the side aisle, examining the memorials on the north wall. I returned and found the stranger still standing apparently wrapped in thought. I went away and examined the memorials on the south side. I returned once again, and found he had not moved. This was too much, so I entered the chapel and, as I crossed the threshold, the man disappeared! I went out again and tried to discover if by some trick of light and shadow I could repeat the hallucination. I couldn't and I didn't! But if he were a ghost, his appearance, so far as I was concerned, was entirely meaningless. All the same, it has made me rather partial to haunted churches and churchyards, of which, according to this book, there are a goodly number scattered over England, Scotland and Wales.

As Mr. O'Donnell has divided them into counties, including London, you can, if you will, do a little ghost-hunting in the neighbourhood for yourselves. But although the apparitions are not, as a rule, of a very novel or terrifying aspect, the human stories which gave rise to the subsequent haunting are often terribly dramatic. Alas!

however, only a very few of the ghosts will haunt to order or keep a time-table. Unfortunately, also, there is often a too-common desire for ghosts to be laid. Ghosts should never be laid. Life is already too meagre in proper awe and wonder. A good ghost is a godsend in this mechanical and scientific age. Happily, or so it appears, modern churches and churchyards are occasionally assuming a ghostly atmosphere. They are keeping up the traditions. Bournemouth, for instance, which to me looks as if there were nowhere for a ghost to walk, affords one of the most mysterious stories in the book—though the ghost wasn't a regular ghost, so no Bournemouth church can be said to be haunted. However, one did appear once, and very nice and polite she was—as befits the Bournemouth of some years ago. Two ladies were concerned in it. One, as she was passing the church, saw a tall, rather stylishly dressed lady in grey, beckoning. As she did not know the lady she partly ignored her; but when she was addressed by name she had to stop. "I wonder if you will be so kind as to do me a favour?" asked the strange lady, who spoke in cultured tones, but with a strange accent, and who would have been very good-looking, but for her teeth which protruded like an advance-guard. "What is the favour?" asked the first lady suspiciously. "Why, this," said the stranger. "Three years ago the vicar of this church lent me a book. It was a prize he had won when a boy at a public school. A Mrs. King saw it one day at my house and I lent it to her. I went abroad soon after." The vicar wrote to her apparently several times about the book; nevertheless, the lady declared that she had been unable to answer his letters; but, she continued: "Will you be so kind and tell him that Mrs. King has it. It is put away, with a number of other books, in a kind of lumber room." Well, the end of the story was that when the messenger eventually told the vicar and described the strange woman, his smiling and genial countenance became very grave. "Yes," he remarked slowly, "that was Mrs. Gibbons. She has that curious accent and those physiognomical peculiarities. The odd thing, the very odd thing, about it is that I know, for certain, Mrs. Gibbons died abroad just about a year ago." And that was that. However, there is more fun in the ghost which used to haunt Hyssington church in Shropshire. Here an illuminated bull used to rush about the countryside madly in the evening and caused several ladies to faint at once and at least one poor woman to fall down dead. It was the spirit of a very wicked man who used to inhabit the place and it took several clergymen several hours, careering all over the place after the animal, before it was cornered and laid by prayers and much holy water. Altogether, if you believe in ghosts, or, like me, like to believe you believe in them, but really don't, here is a book which you will enjoy as much, apparently, as the author enjoyed writing it. One can easily share his enthusiasm as he tracks down the ghostly traditions of the countryside and relates his terrifying discoveries.



MRS. ERICH REMARQUE

The charming wife of the author of that remarkable story, "All Quiet On the Western Front," one of the most vivid battle pictures of the last war ever composed. Mrs. Remarque, who was formerly a popular star of the Austrian stage, is reported to have been experiencing some trouble with the passport authorities in America. Erich Remarque, who is in Hollywood, has been an exile from Germany for eight years.

ARMY UNITS: No. 6



THE OFFICERS OF THE NTH BATTALION ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT—BY "MEL"

Yet another of the many battalions of our expanded and still rapidly expanding Army in hard training somewhere for the dirty work which may be before them, in spite of the state of suspended animation which seems to exist. "F.-M." Hitler has let it be known that he does not intend to do anything drastic till he is quite sure that he is ready to chew us up. He may find, as did someone else who said much the same thing in 1914, that he will have to be able to chew pretty hard. The record of service of the Royal Sussex dates back to Gibraltar 1704 and ended Murman 1918-19. There is still plenty of time to add to the long list of battle honours

NEXT WEEK: I.T.C., NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY SIDE v. AN ARMY XV.

Following their victory over Gloucester the University defeated an Army XV. in their second match of the season by 28 to 3, the backs playing brilliantly. A feature of the game was some fine kicking by P. C. Phillips. M. J. Davies is a Welsh International

The names are: (l. to r., front row) C. E. Simpson, D. M. Strathie, M. J. Davies, G. Hollis (captain), P. C. Phillips, R. M. Cooper, E. C. Penna; (back row) D. W. Cammock, M. E. Henderson, C. E. W. Henderson, H. Cashin, W. D. K. Stobie, D. Morris, S. F. Williams, R. M. Osbourne

THERE is an old and very sage saying that a drunken man gets sober, but that a B.F. never gets wise. Our judiciary still keeps up the legal fiction that it does not know for what these letters stand, any more than it is prepared to admit what the letters N.B.G. mean. It is only when a distinguished lawyer is elevated to the Bench that his mind becomes a complete blank where these matters of common knowledge are concerned. When he was Public Cross-Examiner No. 1, he knew quite well. We are perhaps faced with a contradiction in terms as to the truth of the allegation that a B.F. never gets wise. If the original fool does not get wise, there is always the chance that someone else may have done it for him.

Are we presented with this possibility in the present absorbing *Kriegspiel*? I think that it is quite possible.

In one of the informative unofficial despatches of M. Charles Morice in *Le Petit Parisien*, the following passage occurred:

A violation of Swiss neutrality seems less probable at present than a violation of Dutch neutrality. The divisions which were near the Swiss frontier now have their principal bases at Augsburg, Munich, Stuttgart, Ulm, and Friburg.

I suggest that anyone who is fond of map-reading should have a good, hard look at a contour one, no other being of any use as a guide, and then ask himself the question whether this massing of German divisions from Basel eastward as far as the Austrian side of Lake Constance was not pure "Hitler" and inferiority complex. Is it not further amply clear that this was a somewhat stupidly-conceived containing operation? Even before the snow came down, the spot called the "Hunnigen Hole," north of Basel and fifteen miles south-east of Mulhouse, which is in France, was a very long shot.

Only a little more than eighteen months ago it happened that I was in this particular region. Even a very thick-headed person would be able to grasp that from Basel eastwards to Bregenz, which is at the eastern end of the Bodensee, called by us Lake Constance, the terrain is quite impossible for a turning operation on the grand scale. Even an attempt at a demonstration on a small scale would strike most people with unmilitary minds as very futile. The Swiss side of the Rhine, which flows through Lake Constance, entering it near Bregenz, is very mountainous, and from Bregenz it carries on down to Innsbruck in the Austrian Tirol—and onwards. Säntis, a peak which you can see as you go down

Pictures in the Fire



Poole, Dublin

AT THE NAAS RACES

Miss Mary Lysaght, who is hunting with the Kildare this season and is not unknown with the Beaufort, with which hounds she hunted about two seasons ago, and Dr. J. M. Gerahty, who is a Coollatin hunt celebrity



SOLDIERS THREE

Numbering off from the left of the picture, Private Sir Martyn Beckett and two unknown warriors. Private Beckett is Captain Anthony Eden's brother-in-law, and was a 2nd Lieut., General List, T.A., on the outbreak. The modern private's life is a bit different from what it was in Mulvancy's roaring days



Poole, Dublin

OFF TO HUNT WITH THE KILDARE

Neither Mr. Cyril McCormack, son of the renowned tenor, nor Mrs. Gaddard look as if they had ever heard of the war. Count McCormack is going to sing in all the big towns in England in aid of the Red Cross

By "SABRETACHE"



Poole, Dublin

ALSO AT NAAS

H.E. W. T. Dobrzynski, the Polish Consul-General to Eire, with his wife. They are extremely popular in Dublin society, especially at this moment



Stuart

MISS JUDY SIEF AND MISS BILLIE YORKE

Miss Yorke is an ex-Wimbledon Doubles champion and is Staff manageress of the canteen of one of Oxford's biggest stores, and Miss Sief is one of her efficient aids

the Rhine to Reichenau, is a quite respectable little snow mountain as these things go in Europe, and is a fair index of the rest of the hills. The "gap" at Constance is Kreuzlingen, the place where you can get about twice as many German marks for your pound as you can in Germany, ten minutes away by tram; it is very narrow—quite impossible. Schaffhausen, where the Rhine Falls are, very craggy and precipitous—equally impossible, as you will have realised if ever you have been there. The Hunningen Hole, as it is called, they say is their only "headache"; but why should it be? A general anxious to bring off a turning movement with a chance must have more than one "hole" to go through. Of course, if the General had never heard of the Battle of the Caudine Forks he might be so stupid as to try it on; but if he had ever heard of that engagement such a scheme would make him shudder. As I have already ventured to suggest, the Swiss frontier concentration is pure "Hitler." I am certain now that it never had the approval of even his own Yes-men, and I am even more certain that it never deceived the good chess-player on the other side. Let us hope that F.M. Adolf will endeavour to interfere still further with his professional soldiers. They have managed to pull his head straight this time, but the next time . . . ?

When I was in Germany on the occasion already mentioned, there was an infantry division in barracks in Constance, plus a regiment of heavy gunners, Air Force units, and auxiliary details. The main Air Force concentration was at Friedrichshafen. There was a big gun range somewhere near Constance. When we lunched in the brigade mess they said the bangs were blasting operations. But the smack on the breech-blocks is quite unmistakable. A big concentration in Baden seemed to me something like rest billets.



AN ARMY XV. WHICH TOOK ON OXFORD UNIVERSITY

Although it contained two Internationals, V. G. Weston (England) and A. R. Thom (Scotland), this Army XV. was not strong enough for the Oxford side shown on the opposite page when they met on the Dark Blues' Iffley Road ground. F. M. Hall was the only scorer for the Army. The names are: (l. to r., front row) L. D. Hollins, G. L. Plum, C. M. A. Bathurst, V. G. Weston (captain), J. C. Martin, A. R. Thom, J. G. Drysdale; (back row) F. M. Hall, R. E. Rose, P. F. Wilkinson, G. T. Clark, P. Calvert, A. L. Evans, J. H. Alman, R. R. A. Sutch

The popular pastime of the moment is to Damn Hitler. The popular pastime during the last war was to damn the Kaiser. I suggest that in the case of the former it would be fairer to commiserate with him. Both these worthies naturally deserve, and deserved, all that is coming and came to them. But when the present heat subsides, the verdict of the jury may be that Hitler will be adjudged the better man. To only one of them can the dictum *capax imperii nisi imperrasset* be made applicable. Adolf Hitler could have gone down in history as a very great man. The Kaiser never would have done so. The trouble has been that Hitler has never absorbed the first principle of training a horse for a Great Event. This good rule says: pull him up while he is galloping, and do not gallop him till he stops of his own accord. The Kaiser was never a true patriot: Hitler probably is. Neither of them could carry corn. No one had, or has, any sympathy with Kaiser Wilhelm II., for he was out for his own hand, first, last and all the time. That was why he bolted when the ship was sinking. I do not believe that Hitler will bolt. He will go down with the last plank.

Although it would be idle to contend that fox-hunting is going on as usual in this new war, it is not to be permitted to die the death as so many people think that it might. Hound-vans and horse-boxes have to be put into cold storage for the duration, because no one is supposed to use petrol for pleasure whilst we are engaged in a mechanised conflict; but this fact will not necessarily put a stopper on things. Our forefathers carried on pretty well before motor-cars were ever heard of, and also before railways, so why should we suppose that we cannot do the same, provided always, of course, that the Chancellor leaves anyone any money at all.



THE EX-FIRST LORD AND LADY DIANA COOPER

A snapshot taken at the moment of their arrival in New York, aboard the s.s. "Blank." Mr. Duff Cooper, as has already been copiously announced, is on a lecturing tour in the United States

ON WORMS

By MICHAEL ARLEN

ORIGINAL research in this field has hitherto been very meagre, though some very sound experimental work has been carried out by Professor Melton Mowbray in helping to determine whether worms in turning veer naturally due south to Cannes and Monte Carlo, or south-south-east towards Venice. Few really big thinkers had studied worms with any enthusiasm until their attention was drawn to them by a well-documented treatise by the present writer. This was published in a well-known scientific journal under the title of "Even a Worm Will Earn," and aroused some controversy, owing to my insistence on the financial ingenuity of worms.

The species referred to in that work was, of course, the more or less familiar blue-eyed worm which hunts for food mainly by night—though it can drink at any time—and is variously known to biologists as *dracona zizipompom* or, more technically, *gigolorivierana*. It should be appreciated that the present writer's great advantage over other workers in this field lies in his long residence in the South of France, to which the *zizipompom* variety migrates in large numbers at certain seasons. Some years ago, considerable mystery was attached to the method of migration adopted by these creatures, but this was cleared up largely owing to the careful work of Dr. Wodehouse Quorn, F.R.S., who proved conclusively that *dracona zizipompom* cunningly concealed itself in the Riviera expresses, sometimes even within the sleeping-cars of the *bona-fide* passengers.

Since that time, of course, the progress of civilisation has put the exportation of these creatures on a sound businesslike basis. While the industrial prosperity of England (run, rabbit, run—yes?) has always had as its main pillars the great basic industries of shipbuilding, iron, coal and cotton goods, it should not be forgotten by the thoughtless that the import and export of *dracona zizipompom* had before the war become a flourishing industry of such proportions as to engage the attention of the President of the Board of Trade, who was said to be seriously favouring a reciprocal (worm) agreement with France and the United States with a view to offsetting the competition of cheaper varieties, specifically *hotchachiliana*, from Latin America.

At the time, the present writer forwarded a memorandum—largely due to the difficulties of just sending a memorandum—to Mr. Oliver Stanley, pointing out how the suggested regulations could easily be evaded by such long-established exporters as loving mothers, unscrupulous elder brothers, and fraudulent trustees. Shrewd exporters of *gigolorivierana* have been known to go to extreme lengths to smuggle the delicate creatures into rich playgrounds and exclusive (you bet) resorts in the well-established hope of multiplying their investments many times over by means of a juicy marriage, a handsome settlement, and a subsequent divorce, by which the worm is richer for life by a large part of his mate's income.

For what is peculiarly fascinating to students in this field is the apparent ease with which both *dracona zizipompom* and *hotchachiliana*, creatures so slothful in manner that they are sometimes mistaken by husbands for interior decorations surreptitiously purchased by their wives, can sometimes rise to great heights of financial ingenuity. Some of them, indeed, have successfully carried out astonishing financial transactions before being sent to prison, while not a few have pulled off spectacular coups which have shaken markets. The writer refers, of course, to matrimonial markets, and when he says shaken, he means don't kid yourself. Research has brought to light some very interesting facts about this type of worm, both before and after mating. They

are usually long specimens—or, as we should say of human beings, tall. Nor can it be said of them that they lack outward graces, though these are as a rule of a delicate variety.

There are, however, two lesser-known species, *dracona niblickiensis* and *sir roger de gigolo*, which present a certain rugged grandeur of appearance, and mate only with a view to keeping fit without doing a hand's turn of work. When asked what on earth he is keeping fit for, a creature of these species will answer with a shrewd silence. In time of war they have been found to be, like telephones and champagne, very useful for certain kinds of Staff work, while some very young ones have done sound work behind the lines as liaison officers and interpreters, largely, of course, owing to the facility with which they cannot speak even English.

What is common to all these different varieties of worms is that the mother-parent remains devoted to them for a longer period after puberty than is usual. The male-parent, on the other hand, has sometimes been seen to hand his hopeful offspring a nice sock on the kisser. In point of fact, the regard in which most males hold worms, and particularly the highly successful *zizipompom* and *sir roger de gigolo* varieties, can be said to be lacking in true tenderness. For example, the attitude of our House of Commons to those occasional members in its midst who hold their seats by means of their ever-loving wives' cash, can only be described as one of sinister unhelpfulness.

We have left ourselves little space in which to treat of the uses of worms in wartime. It can safely be asserted that some will play the highly decorative part for which their very strong sense of survival peculiarly fits them, while we shall find others, and perhaps the majority, fighting and dying with an ardour and a grin that will surprise and inspire normally responsible men.

For this is the strange thing about certain types of *dracona zizipompom* and *gigolorivierana*, that while life has endowed this fortunate creature with those useless but shrewd gifts that to his own advantage charm idle women, it has also added to these a bright and reckless flame of courage which shall one day devour all his delicate and selfish graces and leave nothing but the bones of a brave man.



DIPLOMAT'S WIFE

Mrs. Victor Mallet is the wife of the new British Minister to Sweden. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. Herman Andrae, the well-known financier and yachtsman. Her husband, who until recently was Counsellor in Washington, is a son of the late Sir Bernard Mallet



MARRIED IN PARIS

A picture taken at the wedding of Mr. Reginald Purbrick, M.P. for Walton, Liverpool, to Mme. Cisele Mouton, which took place in Paris recently. Mr. and Mrs. Purbrick are now honeymooning in Buckinghamshire. Mr. Purbrick, who was born in Melbourne, Australia, was formerly a champion all-round amateur athlete



Yevonde, Berkeley Square

**H.E. MAJOR SIR JOHN HERBERT—BENGAL'S NEW GOVERNOR
AND LADY MARY HERBERT (ALSO INSET)**

Bengal's new Governor and his consort, the former Lady Mary Fox-Strangways, will have arrived in Calcutta at the right moment so far as weather is concerned, for the cold-weather climate of the former capital of India is unbeatable. The official abode of the Governor of Bengal is Lord Wellesley's Government House, which is an exact replica of Kedleston, the seat of one of India's most famous Viceroys, the late Lord Curzon. His Excellency, who used to be in The Blues, is the former member for Monmouth, and was also Master of the Monmouthshire Hounds from 1921 to 1925. Such a sporting place as Calcutta ought to prove eminently to H.E.'s taste

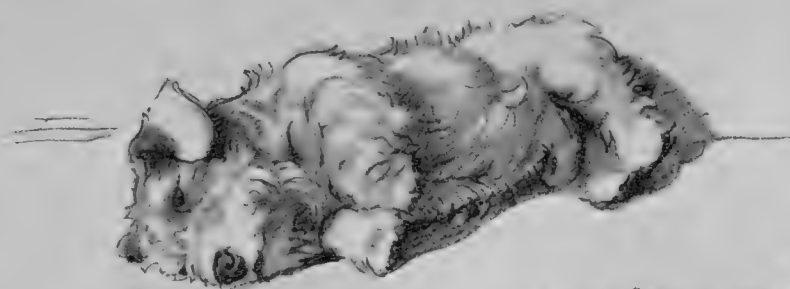


'Cairn puppy'—



'Irish Wolfhound'—

'Collie'—



'Sealyham'—



'Collie'—

'Spaniel'—



'Bull terrier'—



'The Chase'—



'Scotch terrier'—

CECIL ALDIN'S DOGS AT THEIR BEST

"The Last Muster" is the second time that sketches made by Cecil Aldin during his lifetime have been collected and published in book form—the previous book having been "Hunting Scenes," which comprised a large number of his unfinished hunting sketches and colour notes for his numerous finished pictures. Both that book and the present one are published by Eyre and Spottiswoode, the hunting one being the more elaborate. The pictures in "The Last Muster," for which the letterpress has been very charmingly written by Mr. Patrick R. Chalmers, who knew Aldin as well as the next man, are Aldin dogs at their best. These two books prove, as his biographer in "Hunting Scenes" very rightly said, that "Aldin is not dead," and never will be. It has also been said that he could not draw a dog badly, and those to whom this last collection of his sketches may come will, it is certain, endorse this pronouncement.

EL MOROCCO BRIGHTENS NEW YORK NIGHTS ONCE MORE



BRENDA FRAZIER AND PETER ARNO
ARRIVING



THE HON. MICHAEL AND MRS. STRUTT
AT THE OPENING



MRS. WILLIAM FISKE III. WITH
FILM STAR BRUCE CABOT



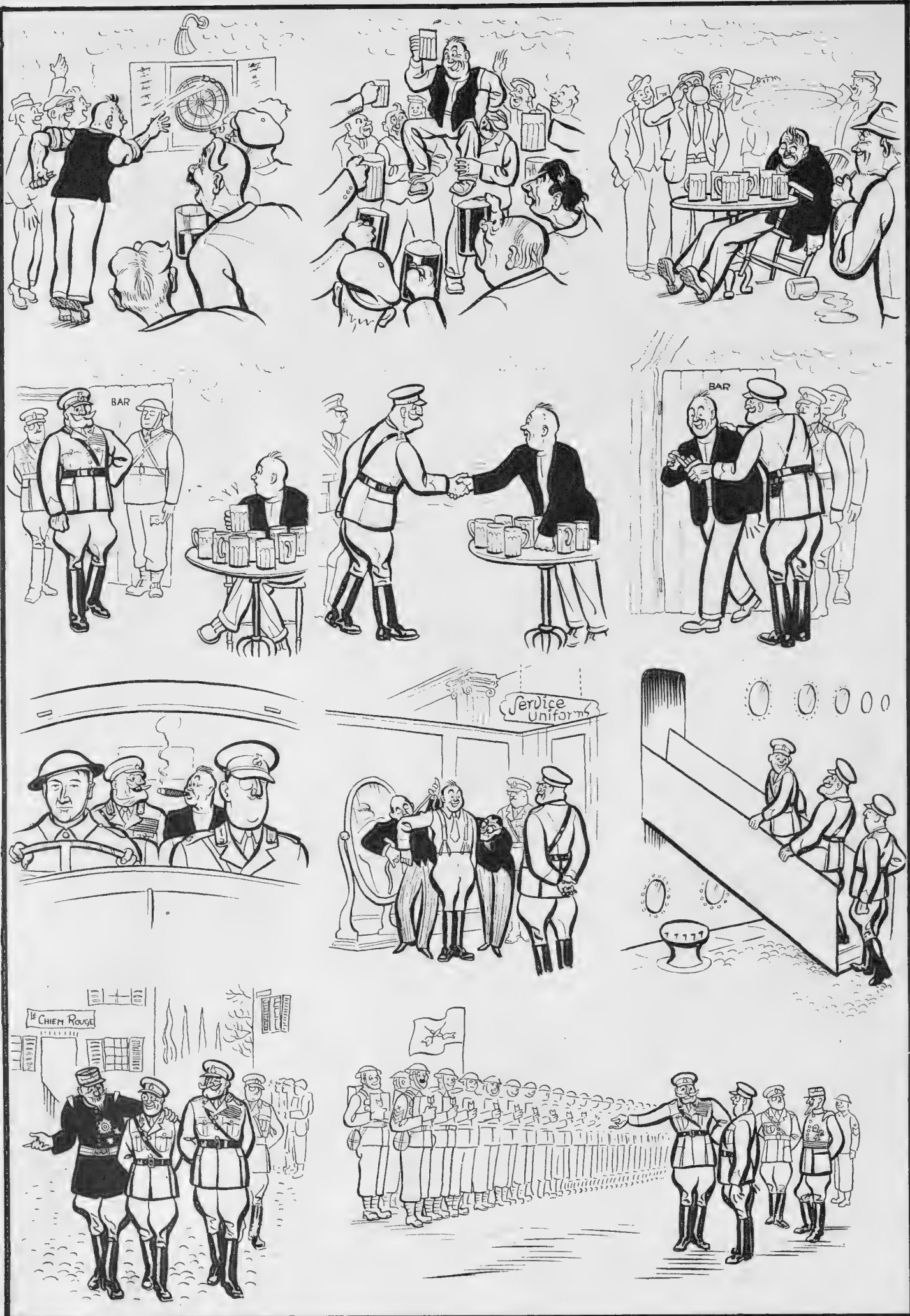
MRS. IRVING NETCHER, FORMERLY ONE
OF THE DOLLY SISTERS



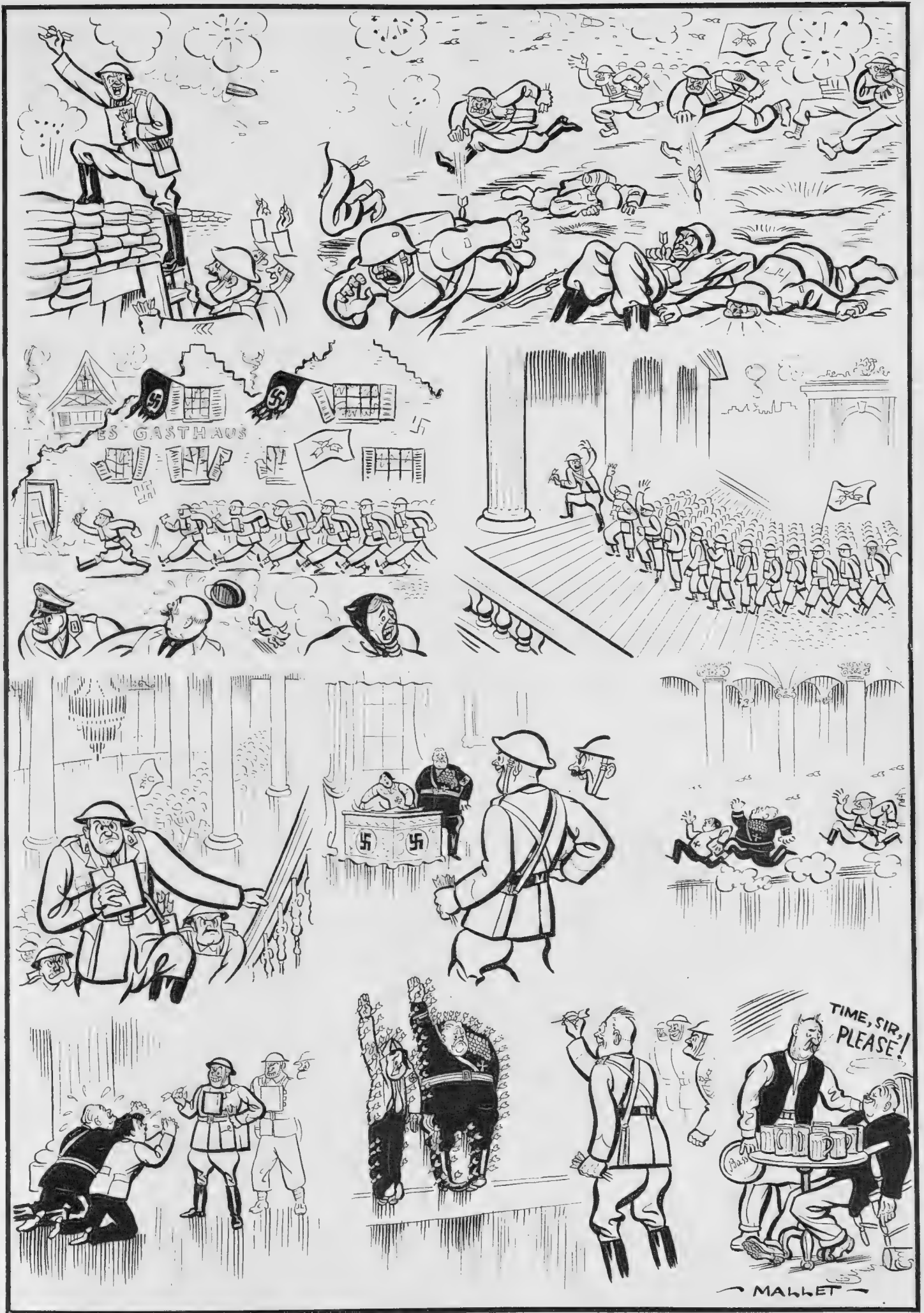
SIMONE SIMON POSES AGAINST
THE ZEBRA STRIPES

Photos.: Sarno

A sure sign that the gay New York winter season is getting into its stride is this page of pictures taken at the reopening of one of Manhattan's most renowned night-spots, El Morocco. The occasion drew a great gathering of notables who are in New York now. Peter Arno, the brilliant humorous artist, was escorting Miss Brenda Frazier, styled, in accordance with the Transatlantic passion for ranking in all walks of life, "America's Glamour Girl No. 1." The Hon. Michael Strutt, second son of Lord Belper and Lady Rosebery, is a brother of the Duchess of Norfolk, and a very keen G.R. His marriage to Miss Arielle Frazer took place last summer at Newport, Rhode Island. Mrs. William Fiske III. is the former Countess of Warwick, and has been extending her interests by working in a New York travel agency. Mr. Fiske holds the Cresta record, having won the Grand National on the famous skeleton run in the fastest time in fifty years. Bruce Cabot was last seen over here in *Dodge City*, with Errol Flynn, while Simone Simon returned to France for her last and best film to date, the thrilling railway story, *La Bête Humaine*.



TH
DA
CHAM
DREA



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

MRS. JONES went out shopping. When she returned, she saw that the Post Office engineers had arrived with their van outside her house. There they were, to her disgust, with a pole and a hole in the ground. Whereupon she proceeded to tell them all about it.

How dared they put up a pole right in front of her house. The garden would be spoiled and the property would lessen in value as a result. She was going to write to the Postmaster-General, as well as a few other bigwigs, and complain.

The foreman let her have her head for about five minutes. Then he had his turn.

"I'm very sorry, madam," he said very politely, "but we're not putting the pole up. We are taking it away. It's been standing in front of your house for two years!"

Two Tommies, regulars, were talking together about the possibilities of evading church parade.

One said to the other:

"It ain't no good saying you're atheist. I tried it once, and they put me in the middle o' arf a ton o' spuds, and told me to peel me bloomin' way out."

The excited man mounted the platform and began his speech.

The chairman made repeated efforts to stop him, but to no purpose. In the end he had to let him carry on.

The newcomer's speech was fiery and pungent. At times he became almost hoarse with emotion. At length, after speaking for three-quarters of an hour, he came to a stop.

"Have you quite finished?"

asked the chairman.

"Yes," said the orator, "and I defy you to contradict a single word I said."

"I don't wish to," said the chairman, rather stiffly. "The Brewery Company, of whose management you complain, is holding its general meeting on the floor above—this is the annual reunion of the Beekeepers' Society."

But," said the prospective buyer, "I don't exactly like the look of your '39 model in front."

"But look at the lines from the back. Doesn't it look good from that view?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, that's all anybody ever sees of this car."

Louisiana, the old darkie, had recently been married.

"And did you go on a honeymoon, Louisiana?" asked her white employer.

"Ah suppose you might call it dat, ma'am," replied the newly-wed. "Hennery done help me wid de washing de fust week."

What on earth is the matter with this shaving-brush?" stormed the husband. "It's as hard as iron and won't bend at all. It was as right as ninepence yesterday morning."

"It certainly was all right yesterday, dear," replied his better half. "When I touched up the paint in the bathroom it was in lovely condition."



AUNTIE WIELDS A RAZOR

A new film version is being made of that evergreen Christmas stage favourite, *Charley's Aunt*, and Big-Hearted Arthur Askey is cast for the rôle of the phoney aunt from Brazil, "where the nuts come from." And just to mark the entry of Band Waggon's star into the movies, the title of the story is to be expanded to *Charley's Big-Hearted Aunt*.

How the deuce," asked the officer on the rifle-range. "have you got those four straight bulls? Your range is six hundred yards, but your sight is set at three hundred."

Said the young Militiaman: "See that little rock half-way along? Well, I'm bouncing 'em off that!"

What made you decide to put off your wedding by two days at the last moment?"

"Well, you see, I reckoned it out that my silver-wedding would come on a Saturday, and I always go to football on Saturdays."

In spite of the fact that the magistrate said he would be lenient with a man who had committed bigamy, the poor chap was allowed to go free.

Jock: "I made an awfu' blunder last night wi' the chaplain."

Sandy: "Whit wey, Jock?"

Jock: "Weel, he invited me tae his quarters for a bit chat. He askit me if I was a thinkin' mon, an' I thocht he said drinkin'."



HOLLYWOOD TAKING THE FLOOR!

Film-star Cary Grant, seen in this picture dancing with Phyllis Brooks at Hollywood's Trocadero, is not much longer for California's sunny, war-free shores; for he was born in Bristol (Eng.), and is reported to be shortly returning to his native land to have a smack at Hitler with the rest of us. Cary's last film, which was recently showing at the Regal, was *Only Angels Have Wings*, an epic of commercial aviation in South America, with Jean Arthur and Richard Barthelmess supporting

A LONDON ROUNDABOUT
AND SOME WHO ARE IN IT



LADY JERSEY STEPPING OUT
AFTER LUNCH



H.E. SIGNOR BASTIANINI, THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR,
AND SIR JOHN AND LADY DASHWOOD



LIEUT.-COL. LORD GOUGH
BACK IN THE SERVICE



GENERAL SIR HUGH AND LADY ELLES
OUTSIDE THE RITZ



LADY READ WITH THE HON.
MRS. MORTON WEIR



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS
OF LEEDS

Even if it is not quite the same, and London's personal appearance is marred by sandbags and notices as to how to reach the nearest funk-hole, life still carries on, and here is a small collection of those who help it to do so. The short information goes like this: Lady Jersey, as most people know, is the former Virginia Cherrill, lovely film-star. Her first husband was Cary Grant, whom London went to see in droves in *Only Angels Have Wings*, at the Regal. Italy's new Ambassador is pretty certain to be as much liked as Count Grandi was before him. Sir John Dashwood, back in the war-paint, was Assistant Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, but war changes many things. Lord Gough served with great gallantry in the last war, was severely wounded, and has gone back! Sir Hugh Elles, Colonel-Commandant of the Sappers, is a son of another famous soldier, the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edmond Elles, who was a Gunner; but The Shop, of course, can claim credit for both father and son. Lady Read, wife of the shipping magnate, Sir Alfred Read, is with her daughter by her first marriage. The Hon. Morton Weir is Lord Inverforth's son and heir, and a partner in his father's ship-owning firm. The Duchess of Leeds, seen with her husband outside the Ritz after lunch, is a daughter of the late Iskender de Malkharzouny, of Serbia

GLORIA WALKED DOWN BOND STREET

By MARY BRAND

GLORIA walked down Bond Street with James and old George. James was her lover; but George was only her husband, which was more expensive and—so people said—a lot less amusing.

Gloria walked down Bond Street, huddled in her sables, cuddled in her crêpe de Chine, and all the little shop-girls turned to look at her as she went by. "I wish I was 'er," thought they; and "I wish I were a shop-girl," thought Gloria. "I wish I were just a little shop-girl with a nice young man and a dream of the future and a thrill in my heart. I wish I had Romance. James is terribly sweet," thought Gloria, "and George is a dear old bank-book, but all they can do is buy me things, and I do so want Romance. You can't buy Romance."

They saw James's wife on the other side of the street and all crossed over so that Gloria might observe her reactions when they met; but it was very disappointing, for the wife, who adored James, only went rather white and smiled at them, quite politely. Gloria smiled back at her sweetly, and, still smiling, looked up and into the eyes of romance.

He stood in the gutter, a flower-seller. His throat was brown and bare, and flowers were in his hands; flowers were at his feet—great baskets of them, yellow and green and gold. He stood among them, Pan in a garden, and his hair was as gold as the daffodils. The smile died on her lips; the flowers dropped from his hands and lay unheeded at his feet; the hustle and bustle of Bond Street was suddenly still.

All at once he stooped and, gathering up his flowers, gave them to her without a word; pressing them into her hands, sprays and bunches and clusters of them, pink and white blossom of fruit trees, tulips, daffodils, and the sweet spring violets. She fumbled for a note, but he thrust it aside with a proud gesture and spoke to her the first words—those first words that she was to remember in her dreams.

"Flowers to a flower," he said.

"Come along, Gloria!" fussed George. "We can't stand buying flowers all day. What she can want with flowers . . ." he confided to James.

"Coming! Coming!" cried Gloria, gay-voiced, light of heart. She found a card, and "To-night at seven—" She was gone.

That night at seven o'clock he came and stood in her boudoir in his shabby clothes, twisting his hat and lowering at her from under his lock of gold hair. But when she gave him her hand, he kissed it, and caught her other hand and kissed that too. "You must forgive me, Madam," he said. "In England you are so cold, but we in Italy . . . It is sunny there," he cried, "and you should be there always, among the mimosa-trees, with flowers about your feet! When I saw you in the street," he said, "I thought I was back in Italy. The sky was in your eyes and the mimosa in your hair, and your hands were pale flowers. . . ."

He came the next day, and the next. He told her of his beloved Italy and of his life there, a bare-legged boy

on the hillsides; of his old peasant mother and his chattering horde of brothers and sisters. Gloria was enchanted: she sent them presents, through him: sweets and toys and pretty things to wear. For himself he would take nothing, would not touch her money, returned her gifts. But when she began to insist that he should go about with her, he went off obediently to the tailor and let her pay for his clothes—lounge suits, tails and an overcoat, the regalia of a man-about-town. In this matter he was naïve and unashamed; she wished him to accompany her, and he must be suitably clad. Similarly, he must have links in his cuffs, and he could not help it if she chose links with diamonds in them; must have a cigarette-case, and she bought him a gold one, monogrammed in jewels; must know the time, and she gave him a platinum watch. But when she came to him with a lighter, a pretty, extravagant toy, he produced a box of matches. A lighter, he said, was not necessary, and he gave it back, and she had to content herself with ordering more silk shirts, a couple of dozen handkerchiefs, a riot of ties.

Life was very gay for Gloria in these days. James drooped neglected upon her doorstep; George dined patiently by himself; but Gloria was away in the country with her lover, lying among the crocuses on the river bank, riding bare-headed under the green trees, driving homewards through the quiet night, alone with him. She had given him the sports model to be "their own." She paid for a room nearer her Mayfair home than his attic in Russell Street. She made him have decent meals, smoke good cigarettes. Gradually he grew into a childlike acceptance of this state of affairs, asking for nothing, taking what she offered as part and parcel of his status as her acknowledged lover. He went with her everywhere: danced at the Embassy, dined at the Carlton, was behind her chair at the opera, by her side at the races. The women adored him: such a delicious accent, such poise, such grace, so *Southern*, and yet with that wild, gold hair! Where had she found him? Who was he? Nobody knew.

Only her darling friend, Cynthia, would have been told, and Cynthia had been away for months. There had been a tragic love-affair at Cannes; nobody knew quite what had happened, but Ernest had been terribly firm and rushed her off to Malaya or China or one of those impossibly remote places, and not a word had been heard

from her since. Now she was coming home, and Gloria would hear all about it, be properly sympathetic, full of indignation at Ernest's behaviour, full of consolation for Cynthia in her loss, whatever her loss might be. And then—Gloria savoured the moment of telling Cynthia the news . . . of producing her Romance and watching Cynthia's excitement, her envy, her unwieldy attempts to annex Romance, her gradual failure and final resignation (they were *such* friends!).

The telephone rang.

"Cynthia!"

"Yes, it's me, darling. My sweet! How are you? Yes, darling, this afternoon. By air. Yes, rotten. Darling, how

are you? Well, I couldn't, darling. You know how rotten I am at letter-writing, and Ernest discouraged me as much as possible—he thought I'd forget, I suppose. As if I could, my dear! My dear, what I've been *through*! It was all too marvellous! It really was the most romantic thing, and then, God knows how, Ernest smelt a rat—you know how jealous he is; not like your nice, placid George. . . . Well, I don't mean that George isn't *jealous*, darling, but

(Continued on page ii)



Photos: Dorothy Wilding
F/O AND MRS. BRUCE
POLLARD-URQUHART

Two recently taken portraits of well-known and recent young-marrieds. Flying Officer Bruce Pollard-Urquhart is the only son of Captain Michael Pollard-Urquhart, of Crayston, Aberdeenshire, late R.A.S.C. and formerly Scottish Rifles. Mrs. Pollard-Urquhart is a daughter of the late Mr. Percy Alexander Koppel, who was in the Diplomatic Service, and of Mrs. Koppel



"THE WOMEN" ON THE SCREEN— A SELECTION OF STARS



ROSALIND RUSSELL AS SYLVIA, PHYLLIS POVAH
AS EDITH, AND JOAN FONTAINE AS PEGGY

(RIGHT)
NORMA SHEARER
AS MARY HAINES,
AND
ROSALIND
RUSSELL



PAULETTE GODDARD
AS MIRIAM



JOAN CRAWFORD AS CRYSTAL ALLEN

The success of Clare Boothe's biting commentary on the savage antics of the feminine half of New York's Park Avenue set, *The Women*, on the New York and London stage made a film version inevitable, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have turned their biggest feminine guns on to the production, which is expected at the Empire, Leicester Square, shortly. Norma Shearer takes the part of the only decent woman among an enormous cast of nothing but the sex, who loses her husband to the unscrupulous Crystal Allen, played by Joan Crawford, and only wins him back by adopting the jungle tactics recommended by her hard-bitten friends, led by Sylvia Fowler (Rosalind Russell). M.-G.-M.'s star director, George Cukor, who was responsible for the Shearer-Howard *Romeo and Juliet*, was in charge, and is expected with such material to keep up his reputation for successes

"Can You Hear Me, Mother?"

AT
THE
COLISEUM



SANDY POWELL, EMPHATICALLY THE
CHIEF COMEDIAN, AND ROY JEFFERIES,
THE CHIEF STOOGE

THE
GREAT
GARCIAS

GEORGE HAROLD,
A SHY FIDDLER

MAISIE WELDON,
IMITATING HARRY
WELDON

ALEC SANDERS ON
THE A.R.P. ROUND

SAXOPHONE
RASCALS

AN UNNAMED BOY
WHO SCORES AN
ENCORE

THIS entertainment, featuring a comedian popular in the North, came quietly to the Coliseum and conquered large, family audiences. So, about ten years ago, did another unpretentious show, *Mr. Tower of London*, which made stage history by featuring a comedienne popular in the North, called Gracie Fields. And this concoction resembles that one in being a nice, clean, eminently simple affair. After *Mr. Tower*, Miss Fields became the great Gracie. *Can You Hear Me, Mother?*, which is provincial in the best sense, may perhaps do something of the sort for Sandy Powell. He is an original with a friendly approach and a manner that is childlike and bland. His individuality gives pleasant relish to rather hackneyed material, whether he does a guest longing

for a drink, an A.R.P. volunteer having fun with gas-masks and umbrellas, a glee-singer unsure about his "John Peel," a stage-box interrupter à la Bud Flanagan, or a coffee-stall keeper using the plates and saucers for xylophony with a pretty touch.

The whole show, in fact, is pleasant, with the exception of the imitation by Maisie Weldon (the late Harry Weldon's clever daughter) of a popular English film-star—and this is cruelly, brilliantly lifelike. George Harold is a shy but eminently comic fiddler. The Great Garcias play cornets and whatnot on each other's heads, upside down and downside up. And there are whole teams of Vocalian girls, Moonbeams, Harmonisers, Saxophonists, Stooges and accessory Comedians.

OVER THE OBSTACLES AND ON THE FLAT AT LEOPARDSTOWN



LADY STAFFORD-KING-HARMAN ARRIVING
WITH CAPTAIN THE HON. HUBERT PRESTON



WATCHING 'EM: MISS EVE HALLAM,
MR. TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN AND MRS. ERIC FOLEY



MRS. GEOFFREY PALMER AND MR. HARRY
USSHER, THE FAMOUS TRAINER



THE COUNTESS TAAFE AND
MRS. OSSIAN GOULDING



MRS. FRANK MACDERMOT AND THE
HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY



HIS HONOUR JUDGE GLEESON
AND MRS. GLEESON

The Leopardstown meeting at which these pictures were snapped was a mixed one, a couple of jump races and the rest on the flat, and it worked out to the satisfaction of the people who like to back favourites, for the majority of them brought the money home. Captain Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman's wife, seen with the Hon. Hubert Preston, an uncle of Lord Gormanston, is a daughter of the late Colonel Alfred Dyke Acland. Her husband, who is a Steward of the Irish Turf Club, has been sailor and soldier too: he started as a midshipman and ended up in the 60th. Miss Eve Hallam owns "Trance," which ran third in the Shankill Hurdle Race. Like many other English owners, she has transferred her interests to Ireland, as also has Mr. O'Sullivan. Harry Ussher, one time right in the top class of the Corinthians, is now a successful trainer. He sent out Mr. Shawe-Taylor's "The Gripper" to win the Stand Plate, 1½ mile on the flat, at this meeting. Mrs. Ossian Goulding, who is with the very good-looking Countess Taafe, is a sister-in-law of Sir Basil Goulding. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley is the wife of the well-known young Kildare trainer, who is Lord Cowley's half-brother, and last, but not least, in the little gallery is a very popular member of the Judiciary with equally popular wife

UPON SOME RECENT

LONDON OCCASIONS



MR. RAIMUND VON HOFMANNSTAHL AND LADY FRANCKENSTEIN AT THE NAVY FILM



LORD AND LADY CAMROSE ALSO SEE THE FLEETS



AS ALSO DO MR. R. S. HUDSON AND LADY ELIZABETH VON HOFMANNSTAHL



AT THE N.S.C.: LORD QUEENSBERRY AND MRS. SIDNEY BEER



PRINCE PHILIP OF GREECE IN TOWN ONE NIGHT



MISS HERSEY COKE AND LORD EBURY AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS



MRS. NOAST, MR. WILSON YOUNG, MRS. ROBIN WILSON AND THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AT THE NAVY FILM AT THE PHOENIX

Most of these pictures were taken at the Phoenix Theatre the night they specialised in a "March of Time" film showing people "The Battle Fleets of Britain." This is an excellent thing to do at a moment when some people are a bit apt to take things too much for granted. Lord Camrose, who has recently been putting the M.O.I. straight; and Mr. R. S. Hudson, the Secretary of the Department of Overseas Trade, are two people who do not need to be reminded of what the Navy is doing; neither does the young son of Prince Andrew of Greece, for he is being reared in the Navy. Lady Elizabeth Von Hofmannstahl (for her husband, see opposite picture, with Lady Franckenstein) is the former Lady Elizabeth Paget, Lord and Lady Anglesey's second daughter. Lord Queensberry and the wife of the famous conductor were at the National Sporting Club's show in aid of Frances Day's "Penny Fund" (Games for the Troops), and Lord Ebury, who is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King, and Miss Hersey Coke were at a resort at which we all congregate



The Symbol of Loveliness that Lasts.



Your *essential* dress for many occasions ! It's of black "Tested-Quality" Crepe made with **COURTAULD'S RAYON** the embroidery in gold from

Coles of Sheffield



THE NTH BATTALION SHERWOOD FORESTERS IN CAMP SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

It was the Sherwoods in the person of one of their battalions who were responsible for "The Wipers' Times" during the last war, and it is no odds at all someone in the famous regiment setting that merry publication going again. We all live in hopes of such a resurrection!

The names in the picture are: back row (left to right) Lieut. J. E. Fryer, 2nd Lieut. C. H. Ayre, Lieut. P. Rook, Lieut. R. C. A. Geach, 2nd Lieut. W. Wortley, 2nd Lieut. J. Bllamy, 2nd Lieut. P. G. Smith, Lieut. A. S. T. Price; (middle row) 2nd Lieut. M. P. Smith, 2nd Lieut. G. S. Aspden, Lieut. L. W. Norfolk, Lieut. and O.-M. F. C. Nicklin, 2nd Lieut. J. M. Wright, 2nd Lieut. A. T. Willson, 2nd Lieut. M. H. N. Swingle, 2nd Lieut. W. F. Thirby, 2nd Lieut. J. Walker, Lieut. B. G. Butler, Lieut. E. H. Stafford; (sitting) Capt. J. W. S. Fletcher, Capt. J. N. Clark-Maxwell, Major P. J. Stokes (R.A.M.C.), Major J. H. Roe, T.D. (2nd in command), Lieut.-Col. H. H. Lilly, T.D. (O.C.), Major C. B. Fairbanks (Adjutant), Capt. P. M. Robinson, Capt. F. W. Barnett, Capt. H. W. King. Two officers were unfortunately absent, Lieut. L. C. Thornton and Lieut. G. F. Hodgkinson.

The Hitch-biker.

GIVING lifts is good form in wartime, although even the most patriotic can't be blamed for taking their pick of what pedestrianism is about. And, anyway, a tramp is accustomed to legging it, while a good-looking typist is not. Well, the other day I met a hitch-biker, which was a new one on me. He waved becomingly beside his bicycle at the foot of a two-mile climb, and I stopped to find out what he wanted. Just a tow up the hill was the answer. And no sooner had I agreed than he produced his rope, complete with slip-knot, which he attached to the bumper. The other end he held in his hand, and off we went; speed, 20 to 30 m.p.h. This method appeared far safer than an attempt to hang on to the car itself. So my advice to puffing cyclists is to add four yards of cord to their toolkits, and hail the passing motorist at the foot of every incline.

Workers' Artificial Sunshine.

I have received a photograph of two plump and pleasant-looking young things clad in what appear to be bathing-dresses, beach-shoes and goggles. They are basking gracefully in the rays of artificial sunshine provided by two gadgets in the background; the scene being staged in the new Wolseley Solarium. This enterprising effort owes its inception to the initiative of Mr. W. M. W. Thomas, the managing director. As the blackout regulations necessitate the glass roofing of the factory being rendered opaque, the workers operate continually in artificial light. Thomas didn't like the idea, and the Solarium is the result. It is so popular that 97 per cent. of the work-people regularly enjoy the benefits of a twice-weekly spell of ultra-violet ray. Mention of Wolseley activities reminds me that these

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

cars are still being made, and, what is more, advertised in a manner in keeping with the times.

Lord Nuffield and Mr. Oliver Boden, the chairman and vice-chairman of the Company, have recently taken up important positions in connection with the maintenance and supply of aircraft. In both cases their services are being given in an honorary capacity. While Lord Nuffield is well known, Oliver Boden's name does not often figure in the news. But in the industrial world, and especially in the motor-engineering branch, he has long been recognised as one of the really big guns. I believe he was at Wolseley's before the last war, when he lent me a "Stellite" for an R.A.C.'s six-days' trial about 1913. It was a grand little car, but the lower of its two speeds was not low enough for the 1-in-3-point-something of Sutton Bank, in Yorkshire, and I had first to shed my passenger, then his luggage, and finally my own, before reaching the top. And even then my passenger had to push.

Preserving Goodwill.

Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, managing director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., writing recently to *The Times*, stated that while his Company will not make any motor-vehicles during wartime, as the factories are entirely engaged on the manufacture of aero-engines, it will continue to advertise its activities with a view to preserving its goodwill for the future. This pronouncement, coming from the head of a concern with the international prestige of Rolls-Royce, indicates the importance attached to this question of goodwill. In the 1914-18 war we lost our overseas motor markets, mostly to our friends in America; and it took us many years to regain them. This time, by judicious advertising, we can do much to keep our cars in the public mind, even through the war.



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AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

They Also Serve.

IT has always been noticeable that the multitude will first and foremost fawn on and favour those who do dramatic deeds rather than those who do solid work of prolonged effort and determination. In land war it used to be the cavalry that drew the eye while the infantry did the job; in air war the fighters draw the eye, but the reconnaissance, bombing, ground-strafting, and Army co-operation units devastate the enemy. It has always been so in the past and it is so again now. The fighter pilots who have been in action deserve the praise they have been accorded; they have fought and flown magnificently. But what of the crews of the reconnaissance machines—the machines that have been motoring about in the German sky, day and night, ever since the war broke out? Their task has been difficult, dangerous, excruciatingly uncomfortable and even physically painful. It is true they have not suffered severe casualties; but they have suffered in almost every other way possible.

I have heard something about the work of these men recently. They go bumbling over Germany for hours on end, sometimes by day, sometimes by night, expecting attack at any moment, frequently being shot at by anti-aircraft guns and sometimes being engaged by fighters. In good weather it would be bad enough, for the strain of watching for enemy machines for long periods is about the most wearing thing on earth and demands almost superhuman powers of sustained concentration. But in bad weather the job becomes a sort of tenth-degree torture. I do not know why the gunners in Royal Air Force reconnaissance machines have been so attacked by the cold, for means have been developed which have usually proved satisfactory for keeping their cockpits or their clothing warm. Whatever the reason may be, however, the gunners have suffered severely from the cold.

Clouds and Fog.

And there are always the added anxieties from the absence of exact meteorological information. The meteorological network of observations which were at the disposal of civil air pilots in peace no longer exists. A crew setting off on one of these long reconnaissance flights can have only the vaguest idea of the kind of weather it will meet. The story of the bomber which had done a reconnaissance far into Germany and which got lost on the way back is an epic. The machine wandered about in the darkness, amid clouds and fog, with the crew numbed with cold and tired out after hours of watchful flying over enemy country. It searched for somewhere to land but found nothing, and the pilot finally gave orders to abandon ship.

After the rest of the crew, as he thought, had got clear, the pilot himself jumped, after putting the machine into a gentle glide. Actually the rear gunner was still in the machine, although a breakdown in the system of communication prevented him from telling the pilot. And then there was the amazing sequel. All five members of the crew met a few hours later in a French village. The gunner had been trapped in the machine but had not been seriously hurt in the crash. There are certain points in this story which I would like to be able to fill in, but that is how the official version went. And there have been other stories almost equally remarkable about the doings of these reconnaissance aircraft crews. They have a tough time; with no blaze of glory around them. Shot at, half-frozen, blacked-out and with the German defences searching for them with guns and some kind of modern

equivalent (so I hear) of the old "flaming onion," their task is indeed a hard one. They deserve recognition.

U.S.A. Aircraft.

Think of a number: double it—seems to be the way in which many people attempt to arrive at the figure for the orders which have been or are now to be placed with the United States of America by the Allies for aircraft and engines. It is



Hay Wrightson

AIR VICE-MARSHAL R. E. C. PEIRSE

The Deputy Chief of the Air Staff has been promoted Acting Air-Marshal on his appointment as an additional member of the Air Council. He served for the greater part of the last war in the R.N.A.S. He has been A.O.C. British Forces in Palestine and Trans-Jordan, and also D.D. Operations and Intelligence, Air Ministry



AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR HUGH DOWDING AND COL. DENEYS REITZ

Taken on the occasion of a recent visit to the H.Q. Fighter Command R.A.F. Sir Hugh Dowding has been A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command since 1936, and acted as cicerone. Colonel Reitz, famous Boer leader during the South African War, and author of that very good book "Commando," is the Minister for Native Affairs in South Africa, and is here in connection with the Dominions Conference. He is probably one of the most popular people in London!

obvious that the amount will be large. What interests me far more than the amount is whether the U.S.A. will let the Allies have her latest air material. Great Britain has only ordered training machines, but France has now on the Western Front Curtiss fighters and has long used first-line equipment from the U.S.A. (The French Lafayette squadron, named after and with the express and official approval of the originating American Lafayette squadron, is equipped with Curtiss fighters, and likes them very much indeed.) Now the new Curtiss fighter with the 2000-h.p. Allison liquid-cooled engine and a top speed of more than 650 kilometres an hour (according to the claims made) is a beautiful-looking job, and if the U.S. let France have this quickly and in quantity the results would be exceedingly interesting.

I am pretty sure that the Curtiss Company, which has supplied France with a great deal of material already, would be ready to let France have the new machine just as quickly as it can turn it out, so the final question will rest with the U.S. Services. My own view is that the U.S. Services will let France have the new fighter, and that, in fact, they will place very few restrictions on the up-to-dateness of the machines which may be sent to the Allies. Moreover, the French are, and always have been, more popular with people in America than the British. Their strong individuality and their logical outlook and absence of hypocrisy of the kind that afflicts both Britain and America combine to make them popular on the other side of the Atlantic. If the Allies do succeed in obtaining the latest types of American machine quickly, their air strength will be enormously stepped up, for the newest American machines are remarkable for their high technical quality.



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the bleak days ahead . .

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The Highway of Fashion

By M.E. Brooke

IT may be a small thing, nevertheless a Yuletide gift does give pleasure, especially in wartime. Therefore, Cyclax, 58 South Molton Street, have arranged many of their beauty preparations in Christmas packings. At the top of the page is a basket containing "English Rose" rouge and lipstick in the same shade; the price is 15s. 6d. The circular coffret is known by the name of "The Gift of Loveliness," and although it contains a complete home treatment outfit it is only 24s. Ever so decorative is the bath powder and soap wrapped in cracker paper for 8s. 6d. The band-box is the same price, containing face powder and puff. The "For You" coffret is 13s. 6d. It has everything necessary for quick home treatments. And then there is a box of the Cyclax skin soap; it is delightful to use

FASHION is in a serious mood today and thinks in terms of tailor-mades, warm pullovers and their relations. It is to Aquascutum, 100 Regent Street, that the credit for the outfit on the right must be given. This 'Scutum suit consists of tailored jacket, trousers and skirt; it is to be regretted that the skirt could not be shown. Nevertheless, the cost of the trio, made to measure or from stock, is 12 guineas. The fleece coat with its flattering hood is 7½ guineas, those of camel hair being eight. It seems almost unnecessary to add that a special feature is made of uniforms for the services, for men and women. Furthermore, they excel in pullovers and cardigans, and unusual accessories such as suede cuffs lined with clipped wool, mounted on elastic, which can be slipped over the hand

FURS are of the utmost importance. Therefore, Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street, have brought out an interesting catalogue entitled "Furs of Authority"; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Although they give due prominence to luxurious furs, they also consider those primarily destined for country and off-duty wear. There are Persian paw coats (three-quarter length) for 25 guineas, while those of dyed flank musquash are from 29 guineas. Beaver coats are 25 guineas, and so are those of natural pulled American opossum. For an additional 55s. the latter may be reinforced with a hood. For evening wear there are boleros of blue-dyed white fox for 29 guineas. The exceptional value is present in the clear white fox capes for 35 guineas beautifully shaped and worked



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"Gloria walked down Bond Street"

(Continued from page 228)

he does just bear it, doesn't he? Nice and understanding. But Ernest—not that I'd have minded Ernest, my dear, I'd have chucked everything, honestly I would, lived in a *garret*—what? Oh, yes, literally a garret at first, but of course I'd soon altered all that; oh no, my dear, utterly penniless but so sweet; blue eyes, you never saw such blue eyes in all your life, and, my dear, the *hands* of the creature—it makes me cry now, just to think of them. He used to say that I had hands like pale flowers—what? What, darling? We used to walk over the border into Italy and sit under the mimosa trees—he said I had mimosa in my hair. But I must tell you how I met him, because that's the most romantic thing, and you know how I've always craved romance. I was just walking along the Promenade des Anglais and I suppose I *was* looking rather nice, and then I suddenly looked up and there he was, gazing at me; my dear, the look in his eyes; I shall never forget it as long as I live. He stood there in the gutter with a basket of flowers at his feet and suddenly he began to take great bunches of them and push them into my arms; and what do you think he said? . . . 'Flowers to a flower,' he said, and . . .

"Exchange! Exchange!! . . . I do believe you've cut me off!"

A sad case for which the Friends of the Poor plead for money is for winter's coal for the old widow of a shoemaker. She is eighty-nine and very frail and feeble. Her sight is going and she is unable to move about. Her only income is her Old Age Pension and four shillings and sixpence given to her by her married children. The small sum of two and six weekly during the winter is needed for this poor old soul.



MR. ERIC DANCE

We regret that in our issue of October 4 we published a paragraph suggesting that the Repertory Theatre at Oxford has been unsuccessful, and we wish to take this opportunity of apologizing to Mr. Eric Dance, the managing director of the theatre, for the mis-statement which is quite untrue. The Oxford Repertory Company is one of the best known in England and enjoys a very high reputation. Last year Mr. Dance built a new theatre for the company—the first theatre ever to be built in this country especially for repertory. The present company is a distinguished one, including this week Miss Pamela Stanley in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, and since the new theatre was opened a year ago many eminent artistes have appeared there. The resident producer is Mr. Willard Stoker who has done such splendid work for the Scottish National Theatre

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, who is President of the Ex-Services' Welfare Society makes a timely appeal for monetary aid to carry on the good work which has been done in the past by this organization and which, unhappily, owing to the present conditions may have to be much extended in the near future. As a result of the last war there are still 30,000 ex-Service men suffering from the effects of their wounds, neurasthenia and nervous disorders of one kind or another; and there are in addition 6,000 who are being cared for by the State in mental hospitals. What the Ex-Services' Welfare Society does is to try to supplement that which is done by the State—and this costs a good deal of money. Funds are badly needed and even more so than usually in view of the increased demands which will be put upon the Society's resources. The fighting on the Western front hangs fire at the moment, but it will be obvious to even the most casual observer that this is a state of affairs which cannot continue. When the heavy fighting which we know is ahead of us starts we know what is going to happen and it will be then that help for such a fine organization as this one will be direly needed. The address is: 53 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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MR. AND MRS. J. M. HAWSON

Who were married recently at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi. The bride was formerly Miss Esme Joan Marsdon, daughter of Colonel R. M. W. Marsdon, Deputy Engineer-in-Chief, and Mrs. Marsdon, and the bridegroom is Mr. John Murray Hawson, 6th D.C.O. Lancers, son of Lieutenant-Colonel G. Hawson, Mayo College, Ajmer, and the late Mrs. Hawson

December Weddings.

The wedding will take place between Mr. Leslie Haworth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Haworth, of Ravelstone, Manley, Cheshire, and Miss Eleanor Mary Arkwright, daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Arkwright, of Cloister Garth, Furze Hill, Purley, Surrey. The marriage will also take place quietly between Mr. George Patrick Maguire, son of Dr. and Mrs. Maguire, of Fulwood, Kew Gardens, and Miss Nancy Elton Barrow, youngest daughter of the late Admiral

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Friday's Wedding.

The wedding will take place on Friday between Squadron Leader Andrew Douglas Farquhar, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Farquhar, of Hermiston, Bridge of Weir, and Miss Barbara Audrey Bisset, daughter of the late Mr. Allan Bisset and of Mrs. William Burdet, Laren, Holland.

* * *
Saturday's Wedding.

The wedding arranged between Mr. Thomas Clyde, Royal Horse Guards, and Miss Elizabeth Wellesley, will take place at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, W.1, on Saturday.

ELLIOTT & FRY
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT L. A. AND
MRS. WEAR

Whose marriage took place recently. The bride was formerly Miss Isabel Mona Riddell, only daughter of Mr. R. A. Riddell and the late Mrs. Riddell, of Weston-super-Mare. The bridegroom is Flight-Lieutenant Laurence Anthony Wear, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Wear, of 5 Carlyle Close, W.2

Arthur Barrow and Mrs. Barrow, of Belsize Road, Worthing.

* * *
Marriages Abroad.

The wedding will take place between Mr. Edward D. (Peter) Taylor and Miss Joan Sutherland in Canada.

The wedding will take place shortly at Mwanza between Mr. Hugh F. I. Elliott,

Tanganyika Administrative Service, elder son of Sir Ivo Elliott, Bt., and Lady Elliott, Oxford, and Miss Elizabeth Margaret Phillipson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Phillipson, of North Finchley, London.

The marriage will take place shortly in Durban between Lieutenant Colonel Sir Charles Llewellyn Andersson, O.B.E., of Dolobran, Parktown, Johannesburg, and Mrs. Clare M. Sykes, of Huddersfield, Yorkshire and Melbourne, Australia.

* * *
Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Mr. George Ian Watson and Miss Caroline Murray Gilchrist, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Gilchrist, of 2 Somerset place, Glasgow.

STEWART
CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. T. CHIENE

Who were married recently. The bride was formerly Miss Ada Mary Mackinlay, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Mackinlay and Mrs. Mackinlay, of Kynachan, Perthshire, and her wedding to Captain George Turcan Chiene, of Edinburgh, 78th Field Regiment, took place at Tummelbridge

The Diary OF A BRIGHT YOUNG 'Thin'

TUESDAY Ran into the ghost of Aunt Mabel at Bryan's cocktail party. She looked positively ill. Usual story—drastic slimming treatment (so called) hadn't lost enough weight, but felt like a wet rag. Told the poor dear all about NATEX—and how it slims as you eat—safely—no dreadful diets or down-in-the-dumps feeling. Made her promise to try it, and

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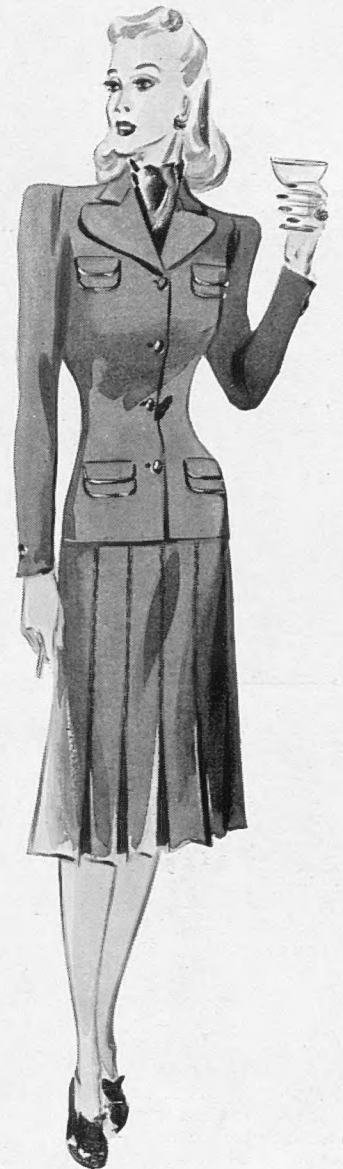
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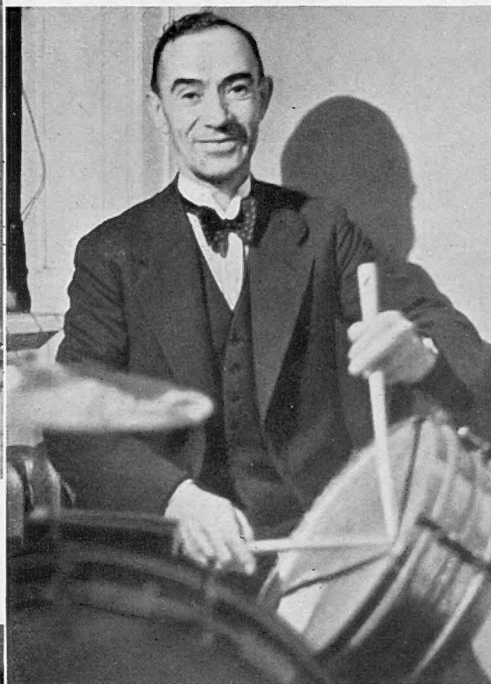
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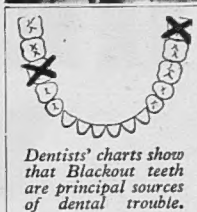
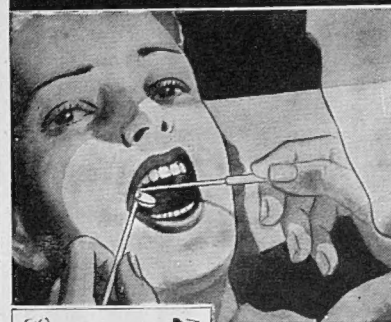
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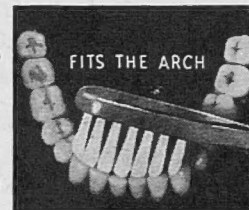
Dentists' charts show that Blackout teeth are principal sources of dental trouble.

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1 SHAPE

1 SIZE

1 PRICE



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